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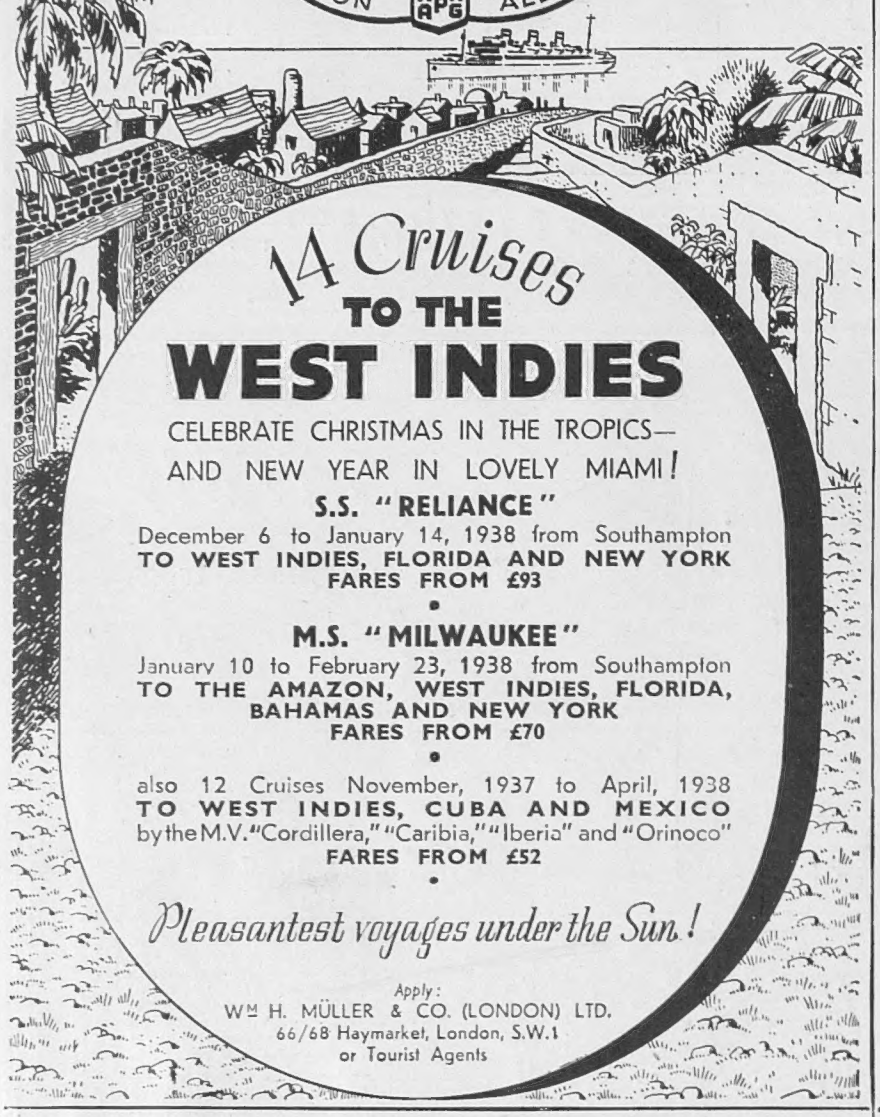

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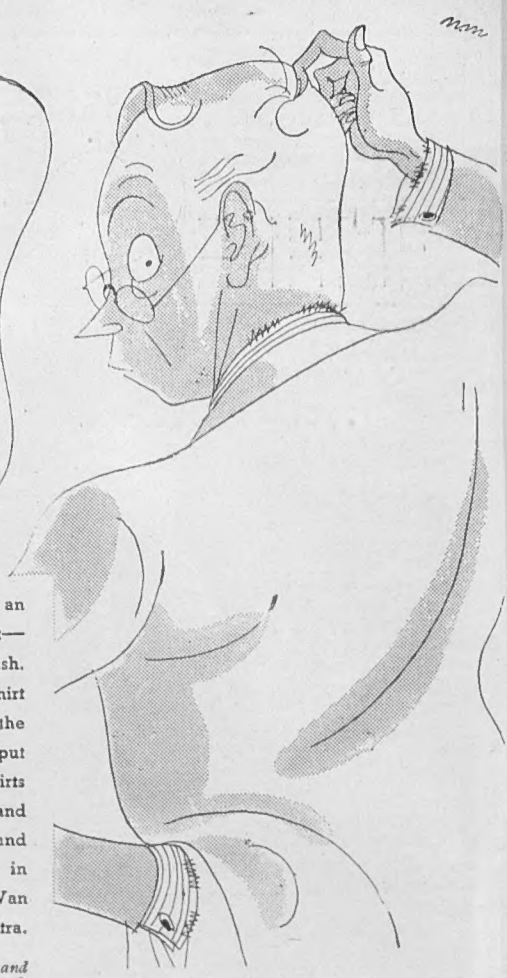

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THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, September 11, 1937

AERIAL PICKABACK

"Mercury," the Smaller Upper Component, and "Maia," the Lower Component, of the Mayo Composite Aircraft, Ready for Their Trials on the Medway at Rochester : An Epoch-making Experiment in Air Transport

The future of commercial and military aviation in this country may be profoundly influenced if the trials of the Mayo Composite Aircraft, now being carried out at Rochester, meet with the success anticipated. The Mayo, an invention that would surely have been dear to the heart of Jules Verne, consists of two flying boats; one a lower component, known as the *Maia*, and the other an upper component, known as the *Mercury*. The upper machine, which will carry more fuel and cargo than it can safely lift from the surface under its own power, will be attached by a trestle device to the top of the hull of the more powerful and lightly loaded *Maia*. The two flying boats, with their total of eight engines working together, will then take the air, the *Mercury* thus obtaining the necessary initial lift which would otherwise be beyond its powers. When a suitable operating height and a safe flying speed have been obtained the units part company, the *Maia* returning to the base and the *Mercury* winging its way to its destination on the other side of the Atlantic. By this pickaback method, it will be seen, the upper component can travel extraordinarily long distances with a very large payload—a combination of qualities that up to now has been impossible of achievement in any one plane. The *Mercury* will probably have a range of 3,500 miles and a cruising speed of 160 to 170 miles an hour in still air

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

CIVIL SERVANTS' LABOUR OF LOVE: Members of the Inland Revenue Horticultural Society working in the flower bed flanking the entrance to St. Mary-le-Strand Church, where they have made a fine show of dahlias. They have spent many a lunch hour in this task of helping to create a brighter London

THE WORLD ABOUT OUR EARS.

—The world is falling about our ears—the old world in which we middle-aged men were born, which stood still on the fringe of the age of privilege and seemed to be there for us to enjoy it in some measure of ease and dignity. Before leaving Scotland for the south (to begin once more the year's arduous round) let me summarise in my mind the gist of our serious conversations round the dinner tables in many Highland lodges. It comes to this: in the good old days (now gone for ever) you came up to Scotland in August to shoot your friend's grouse. Every seven years at least you beat all records, and the average bags were always on the increase. And while you shot and made record bags, down in London, regular as clockwork, a few devoted stockbrokers held the fort in Threadneedle Street while a mild boom caused your little flutters to soar, so that you had the pleasant sensation of paying for your holiday without any trouble to yourself. But now all that is changed. You find the airmen of a friendly Power pursuing your Ambassador and picking him off in his car as he drives abroad on his lawful occasions; you find squabbling Orientals shooting up millions of British capital in demilitarised zones; you find major wars being fought without any consideration for the recognised British holiday season . . . But, worse than these things, you find the horrors of the new world brought to your very Highland retreat. You go down to fish and find, instead of salmon, a dozen bathing belles from Southend in your favourite pool. You go out stalking round Ben MacDhuie and have to make a gentleman's agreement with five parties of hikers to enable you to get up to your spied stag. And, so far from shooting record bags of grouse, you hear everywhere of disgusted tenants of famous moors travelling south again with thousands of unused cartridges, and bags of twenty brace where 300 brace had been confidently expected and cheerfully paid for in advance. In old days you expected occasionally "frosted heather" and "signs of disease." Nowadays there are new enemies whose names are on every tongue. It is the beetle (incurable) that is everywhere devastating the heather on which the grouse feeds and (newer enemy still) the tick which is settling on every living creature, save the deer, which lives on Highland hills—the grouse, the hare, and the sheep are rotten with ticks. Like the green mosquito which has turned to naught all those vast labours in land reclamation in Holland, the tick has settled on the Highlands in Angus and Kincardine and across to Morayshire, and is threatening to kill off all the creatures which make the Highlands of any commercial value and to leave them as devastated areas. Yes, it was the beetle and the tick which kept the men nightly round the dinner table while the servants yawned in the pantry and yearned to clear the table. It is the beetle and the tick which above all modern pests are bringing the old world about the ears of middle-aged men who knew the age of privilege. The beetle, the tick, and the hiker.

TWO RICH MEN.

—Two of the world's reputed richest men who have lately died were both notably shy. Lord Rothschild was only sixty-nine, Mr. Mellon eighty-three. Both inherited great wealth and great financial traditions, both abandoned the active direction of their businesses for other interests. Lord Rothschild was fourth in descent from Nathan who firmly established the English branch of that great financial League of Nations which for nearly two centuries has played a big part below the surface in the wars and post-war reconstructions of Europe. Lord Rothschild's interests were scientific. He cared more for zoology than high finance, and his zoo at Tring could compare with its neighbour at Woburn. Like all his family, he was a friend and defender and benefactor of his race, and

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

32–34 ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C. 4.
Wednesday, September 8, 1937.

INTERNATIONAL DIFLOMACY SHAMS.

—Day by day instances multiply of the shams and impotent bluff of modern diplomacy and international relations. Italy will presumably have her representative at the next meeting of the Non-intervention Committee, and he will solemnly consider with other representatives reports on the working of the committee while the world is still ringing with the Duce's cry of triumph over the Italian army's share in the capture of Santander for Franco, and the large casualty lists of Italians killed in the act of intervention in Spain are public property. This surely is a major sham. Not much less so is the strong British protest to Japan concerning the Hugesson outrage. Up to the war one could hardly recall an important protest made by one Power to another that had not behind it the ultimate threat of some form of sanction if the protest were not adequately met. Since the war, to speak only of our own protests, they have been, in the majority of instances, the flimsiest bluff. The Japanese, in a nightmare scramble with China, are accused of deliberately attacking non-combatants. It is, of course, contrary to the rules of civilised warfare whether the person attacked were a Chinese General (since China is not officially at war with Japan) or the British Ambassador, or a foreign trader of no particular importance. In our protest we took our stand on that. We asked no monetary compensation. We asked for an apology, the punishment of the offender, and "not to do it again." Japan may feel it more convenient to give the formal apology and equally formal assurances (which can mean nothing). But if she doesn't . . . what then? It is a curious risk that we run, or would be, if our international prestige stood where once it stood. For we have not a single iota of sanction with which to back up our protest. John Bull, looking stern and dignified, advances on little Jappy and in a deep voice roars out "if you don't apologise, I shall . . . I shall . . . well, I shall be very much pained. Perhaps I shall tell the League of Nations which will be equally pained at your conduct." *Ruit exiguus mus.* The Japs must have felt that it would afford a mischievous amusement to make light of our protest merely to see what we should do next. Words, words.

SOLDIERS OF THE PAST AND FUTURE FORGATHER: Sandhurst cadets, wearing mufti for the occasion, seen as they marched on to the cricket ground of the Royal Military College for last Sunday's open air service at which they were joined by some six thousand members of the British Legion drawn from the southern counties who had come together for their annual rally. Before the service Field-Marshal Sir Cyril Deverell, the Chief of the Imperial General Staff, held a joint inspection

AN ARMY WEDDING IN RURAL ESSEX: *Above*—Lieutenant David Marshall, Royal Artillery, passing the guard of honour with his bride, Miss Sarah Tetley Jones, following their marriage at Earls Colne Church last Saturday. Afterwards they drove to the reception in an open landau which was drawn by a gun-team in charge of the bridegroom's brother officers

his name was of course always one to swear by in the City. Mr. Mellon's family rose to vast wealth with the rise of Pittsburg. As Pittsburg grew, the Mellon banks multiplied and the Mellon real estate increased fabulously in value. The position of a mortgagee in possession is not always the "least enviable known to the Law," certainly not in a growing commercial city. Millions multiplied themselves round the Mellons and investment of them was hard to come by. Andrew Mellon put his surplus millions into oil and canvas. He bought with discrimination at fancy prices and he came to own some of the first 100 gems of painting. Americans treat such possessions with respect. Unlike English private inheritors of masterpieces they have care for the setting of their pictures. The Huntington, the Mellon pictures were always superbly housed; never crammed together on unsuitably toned walls haphazard. They built galleries and houses to suit their pictures, they did not subordinate their pictures to their houses. They deserved to own them. I suppose the Mellon Art Gallery at Washington will one day be the wonder of the world in that line. It will rival the Maritzhuis in charm and the National Gallery in range and value. He perhaps paid £10,000,000 for the pictures it will house and since the pictures are beyond price, it cannot be said that he paid too high. Art was his Mistress but he gave up active participation in his family business for public service. He was U.S. Treasurer under Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover, and as U.S. Treasurers go, he was an economist. I daresay Roosevelt's policy of spending may have shortened his life. It must have appalled him of late, for he set himself all his active public life to reduce America's vast debt, and got little thanks at the time for his retrenchments. To-day a billion is voted where ten years back a million was gravely debated.

CRATHIE PEEP - SHOW—

If those who came to peep remained to pray, some part of the vulgarity of the weekly peep-show on the route from Balmoral to Crathie Church might be softened. If a tithe of that vulgar crowd of sensation-hunters took up their places on the route to satisfy themselves that their Sovereign truly practised the "Butchered to make a Roman holiday. . . ." No doubt, the King and Queen take it as all in the day's work. They are accustomed to being stared at. It is their métier to endure it with serenity and good temper. But it is a pity that we are for ever seeking to cheapen and vulgarise the monarchy and add to the strain which already lies so heavy on the Royal Family. Often, no doubt, our interest in the House of Windsor is conceived to be an expression of loyalty. More often, it is the gratification of curiosity.

PUBLIC ADONIS No. 1.—

The new Adonis of the screen, Robert Taylor, reached these shores on the *Berengaria* last week. He had some cause to complain of the officiousness of our police who prevented his reaping the full benefit of the publicity carefully prepared for him by his agents. The hysterical women were punctually assembled in their hundreds at the point where the pullman car which bore its lovely burden would draw up. The fainters were all ready to faint and the sobbers to sob when the man's full beauty was revealed and Mr. Taylor, attired in studied and manly shabbiness, was all set to dive into the wave of popularity-cum-hysteria which had gathered and swelled for the occasion. Then the police stepped in and spoilt an admirably organised publicity. They treated the star like

H.M.S. "PRESIDENT" IN ALL HER GLORY: The headquarters and drill ship of the London Division, Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve, brilliantly illuminated at her moorings in King's Reach, near the Thames Embankment, during London's Navy Week organised principally to show the facilities for naval volunteering in the Metropolitan area and also to aid seamen's charities. The *President* was open to the public daily at a charge of sixpence a head, various displays being organised on board for the entertainment of the visitors. These included a panorama of the Coronation Review at Spithead with over a hundred separate warship models made to scale

AS MUCH AS 22,000,000 GALLONS OF WATER A DAY will, if necessary, be carried along this giant 42-in. main which is now in course of construction between the Hampton Waterworks and Honor Oak, situated some eighteen miles distant. It will also supply the Kent area

established religion, there might be a stern medieval flavour about the mobbing. Many of us see in this queueing up of sightseers a gross breach of decency: at the best, a gross breach of faith, directed against the King and Queen. We promised them a holiday and a few weeks out of the limelight after labours at which Hercules might have wilted for the first seven months of the year. But not a bit of it. Five thousand cars jammed together filled with holidaymakers staring the Royal Family out of countenance, peering, snapping, commenting, drinking in . . . a milk can and dropped him down the milk can lift and he made his get-away in dreary anonymity. When he pulled his hat over his lovely face, there was none to know who he was or why he did it. And when he brought out the stock phrases, "This is the tightest jam I was ever in," and so forth, his remarks only suggested that he was country born. And then, to crown all, the busybody force would not even let him go down to the hall of his hotel to dash off a few dozen autographs, pose for a few dozen snaps, and give a few dozen interviews on his impressions of England. Wherever he went the crowd missed him. His impressions of our police are that "they are wonderful"—too wonderful by half.

"THE COMPLETE PEERAGE."

—I have come to the conclusion that that stupendous achievement, *The Complete Peerage*, still being edited and turned out by Mr. H. A. Doubleday and Lord Howard de Walden, is among the best reading matter of our day. I sometimes regret its title, inevitable and apt as it is. People are apt to dub as a "snob" a man found poring, as I am, over a "peerage," and as a hypocrite one who, like me, pores over it while deploring the continued enlargement of the peerage and bestowal of hereditary titles. The truth is, *The Complete Peerage* is not in any sense a snob's reference book. It is a pageant of English history, constitutional, political, and social. Its range is tremendous, its research stupendous. It is a text book for the instruction of experts in law and history and politics and genealogy, and at the same time affords the most thrilling of "Waterloo" runs for armchair hunting folk. It is as exciting as a Dorothy Sayers, as instructive as Fisher's *History of Europe* and as authoritative as Anson on *Contracts*. It is holiday reading and the most profound of text books. Take, for example, the "Essay on the Norfolk Earldom and Dukedom" which occupies so much space in the ninth (last published) volume. Here is a survey of English constitutional history from the year 1000 to our own day, with every relevant reference to the subject collected from published works, light or serious. Or take Mr. Doubleday's own essay on the miscarriages of justice in the famous Mar Case, in the same volume. This is trenchant and clear writing which stimulates and clears the head like a cold bath. I think the claim that *The Complete Peerage* is a publication of unique and national importance, which has been made by several high authorities, is fully justified, and that it must be carried to completion at all costs, and the money found from public sources if ever the well of private generosity—which is bottomless perhaps—should dry up. At the moment a private benefactor has relieved anxiety for some limited time to come, but the carrying on of the work requires a big annual income.

THE CURSE OF TIPPING.

—I suppose the fashion of tipping will never die out in this country. It will at least survive as long as the capitalist system survives, and I believe the reason for its survival is as much at least the desire of the capitalist tipper to impress with his generosity as it is the willingness of the beneficiary to receive. Restaurants at least which have tried to abolish the system have always found that their wealthy patrons will not play fair. In country houses the system is a curse, which sometimes makes visiting a burden. It is not that the average guest is mean. On the contrary, he is very anxious to signify his gratitude for good service generously. It is the difficulty of pressing the gratuity into the proper hand which is so unspeakably tiresome. In a very few houses in Britain, the guest finds on his dressing-table a welcome notice that no gratuities may be offered. It is a piece of infinitely good news. In a few country houses a method was tried of diverting gratuities into a central collecting-box, from the contents of which a division would be periodically made. That experiment failed—the box was found to be full of coppers and trouser-buttons. Human nature is as frail in unadvertised parsimony as in advertised generosity. And so the bad old system lingers on, and the unhappy guests must for ever worry themselves to decide on the right coin, the right moment, and the right recipient. How difficult it is to bring off the triple event. I wonder how many hosts realise what a curse the system is and how it worries their guests. I wonder, too, if the injustices inherent in the system do not make it unpopular among the servants themselves.

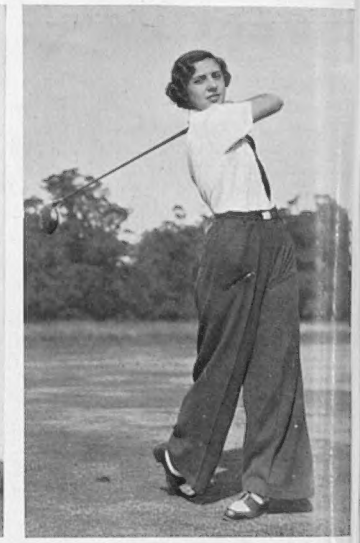
THE OLD STAGER

PEOPLE IN THE WE

DOROTHY ROUND WEDS: The Wimbledon champion receiving a bouquet and an autographed silver key from little Margaret Eveson, daughter of the Mayor of Stourbridge, as she left Wesley Methodist church, Dudley, after her marriage to Dr. Douglas Leigh Little. The enthusiasm was immense about 15,000 people lining the approaches to the church, and as the couple drove away their car was mobbed, police having forcibly to restrain the hosts of well-wishers. Dr. Little, who has a practice in Dudley, is a county hockey player

THE BATH-CHAIR BRIDE: Miss Kathleen Mary Walker, who is suffering from an obscure disease that has paralysed her legs, wheeled from the church by her husband, Mr. David Philip Williams, after their marriage last Monday at Lufton, near Yeovil, Somerset. The bridegroom is a grandson of Colonel Sir Robert Williams, a director of Williams Deacons Bank, and the bride's father was Major Reginald Walker, who was killed in action during the great war

CONQUERORS FROM OVER THE BORDER: For the third successive year Scotland won the Girls' International golf match at the Stoke Poges club last Monday, beating England by 6 games to 1. The members of the Scottish team, who are seen sitting in background, were, left to right—S. Stroyan (captain), J. Baxter, D. Thomson, M. Love, F. Halbert, E. Anderson, J. McIntyre, and Pamela Brown. Their English opponents were—P. Edwards (captain), J. Gordon, J. Pemberton, S. Swinburne-Johnson, J. Negretti, M. Ruttle, D. Drew, M. Long, and A. Harrison



GOLFING FASHIONS AT STOKE POGES, where the Anglo-Scottish girls golf match and the Girls' Championship were played this week. *Left*—Seventeen-year-old Doreen Cooke, still in pigtails, tuning up for a match, and (*right*) long-trousered Dorothy Thomson of Edinburgh University, one of Scotland's most promising young players

H. H. WHITLOCK AGAIN WINS LONDON TO BRIGHTON WALK: The Olympic champion pictured after his fourth successive victory in this race which he won comfortably in 8 hrs. 2 mins. 38 secs., although not succeeding in bettering his own figures. Ninety men started from Westminster, but Whitlock was never headed, crossing the finishing line nearly 17 mins. in front of his nearest rival, J. F. L. Henderson of the Sussex W. and A. C.

WITH "FLYING" COLOURS: Gladys Kerman, fifteen-year-old Portslade girl guide, with Mr. B. S. Smallman, secretary of the South Coast Flying Club, Shoreham, after he had passed her for her airwoman's badge, a distinction that has so far been gained by very few members of the Guide movement. In her examination Miss Kerman had to show a practical knowledge of the use of the controls and ability to assist the pilot in case of emergency

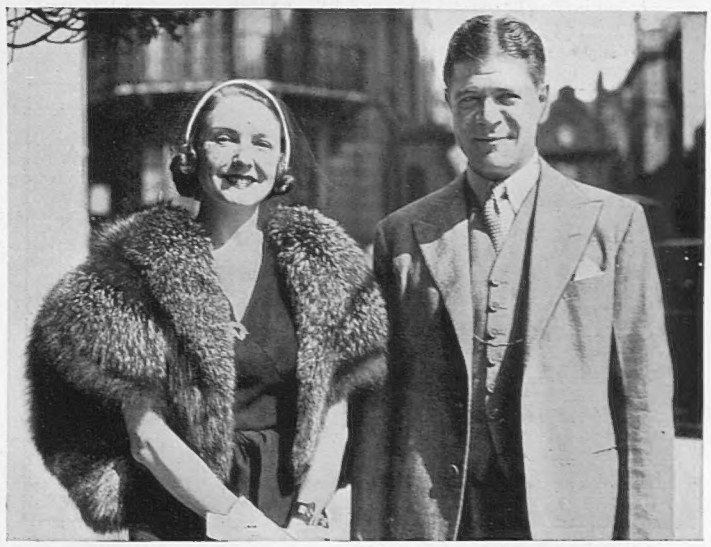
EK'S HEADLINES : Sporting, Social, and Other Activities Pictured

THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER SPENDS A BUSY AFTERNOON IN ABERDEEN: Her Royal Highness, who drove over from Birkhall, Deeside, for the occasion, accompanied by General Sir Ian Hamilton as she was about to inspect a guard of honour of British Legion men drawn from the north-eastern areas before handing over colours to the Legion's local branch at a gathering in the municipal hall. The Duchess afterwards motored to the east end of the city to open the new headquarters of St. Katherine's Club

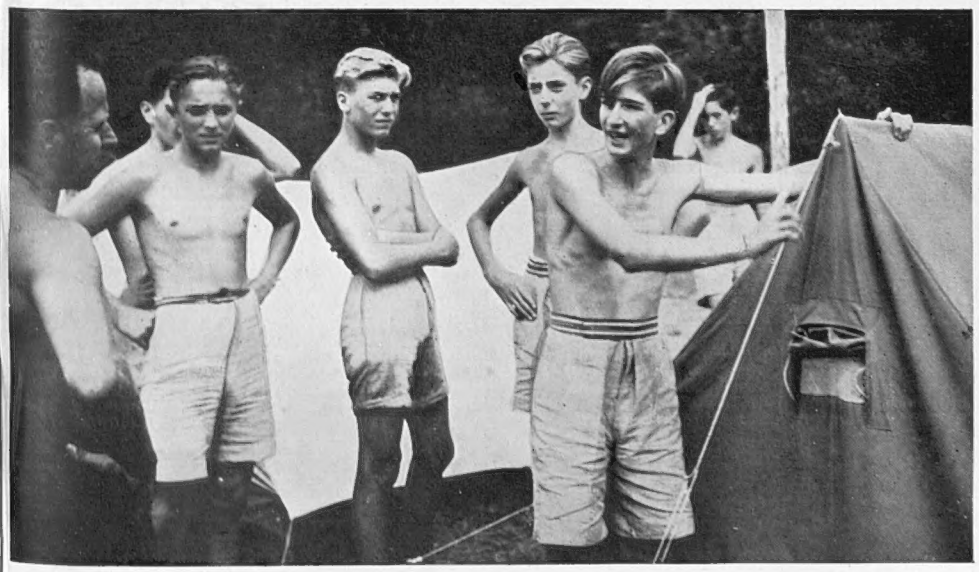
A ROYAL OPENING FOR THE ST. KATHERINE'S GIRLS CLUB: The Duchess of Gloucester, accompanied by Lord Provost Watt, leaving the new £16,000 building in the east end of Aberdeen after officially declaring the place open. A crowd of 500 girls greeted her there, and at her departure joined in singing, "Will ye no' come back again"

AMERICA'S RADIO PRIEST IN LONDON: Father Coughlin, who has achieved international fame by his wireless talks and is something of a power in American politics, has come over here for a short stay. He estimates 30,000,000 people a week hear him preach

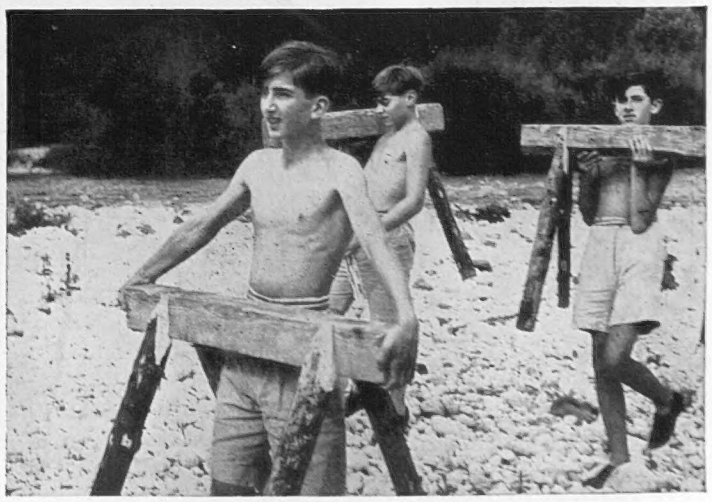
THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE LEAVES FOR CANADA: Lord Hewart, who is pictured here with his wife on the sun deck of the Canadian Pacific liner, *Empress of Britain*, is now on his way to the Dominion for a well-earned holiday. Last year he paid a long visit to South Africa



"JUNE" AND HER MILLIONAIRE HUSBAND COME TO LONDON: The musical comedy actress and former Lady Inverclyde seen with Mr. Edward Hillman, Jnr., on their arrival in town last Sunday. They had been married a few days before at Cannes, the bride having risen from a sick bed for the occasion, and were due to leave for America last Wednesday in the *Normandie*. They are to live in Mr. Hillman's home in Beverley Hills, the fashionable residential area near Hollywood

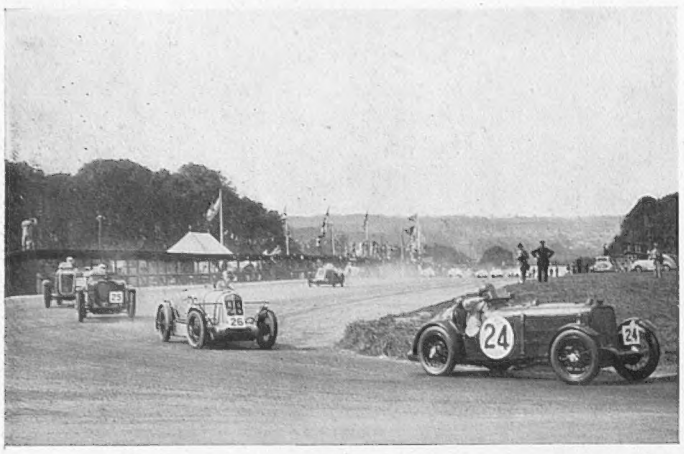


YUGOSLAVIA'S BOY KING TAKES A CAMPING HOLIDAY: Peter II (on right), who celebrated his fourteenth birthday last Monday (September 6), has been playing host to members of Yugoslavia's youth organisation, to which he belongs, at a camp in the grounds of the Royal summer residence at Lake Bled. They take it in turns to do all the work, and the young monarch is as enthusiastic about it all as any of them

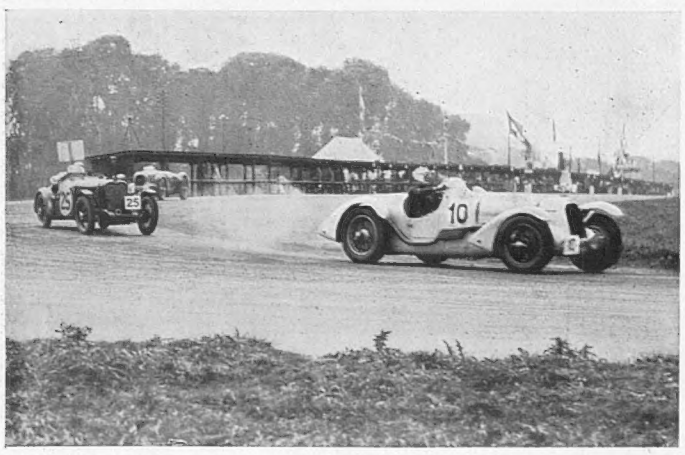


FATIGUE DUTY FOR PETER II: The young Yugoslavian King helping to carry trestles for the lunch table at the camp at Lake Bled, where he is enjoying the open-air life with a number of other boys of about his own age. The time is not far distant when he will take over his royal duties, relieving the Council of Regency now headed by Prince Paul

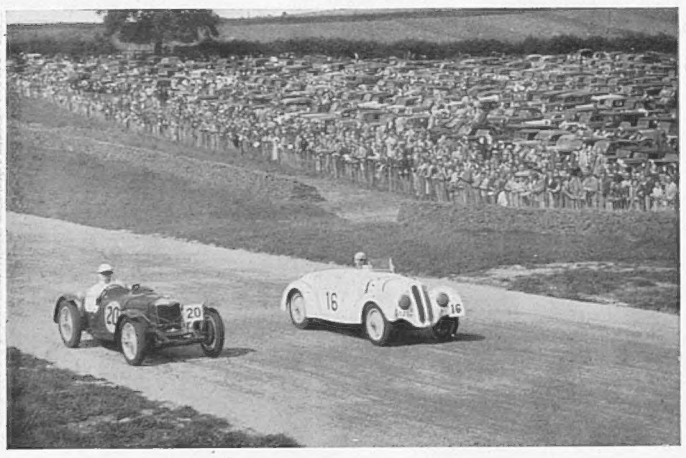
THRILLS *of the* T.T.



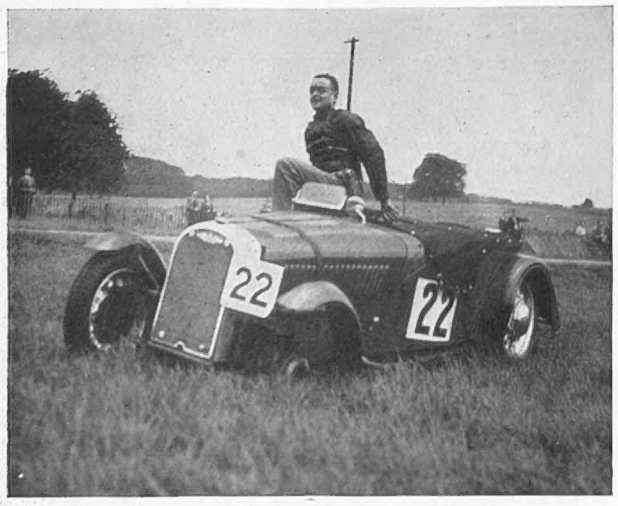
A GROUP OF LITTLE 'UNS rounding Red Gate Corner. No. 24 is J. D. Barnes who, in his Singer, put up a splendid show, being the first British driver to finish and averaging nearly 58 m.p.h. Behind is Gordini's Fiat (No. 26) which would have finished seventh had it not had the misfortune to run out of petrol just a mile from the end



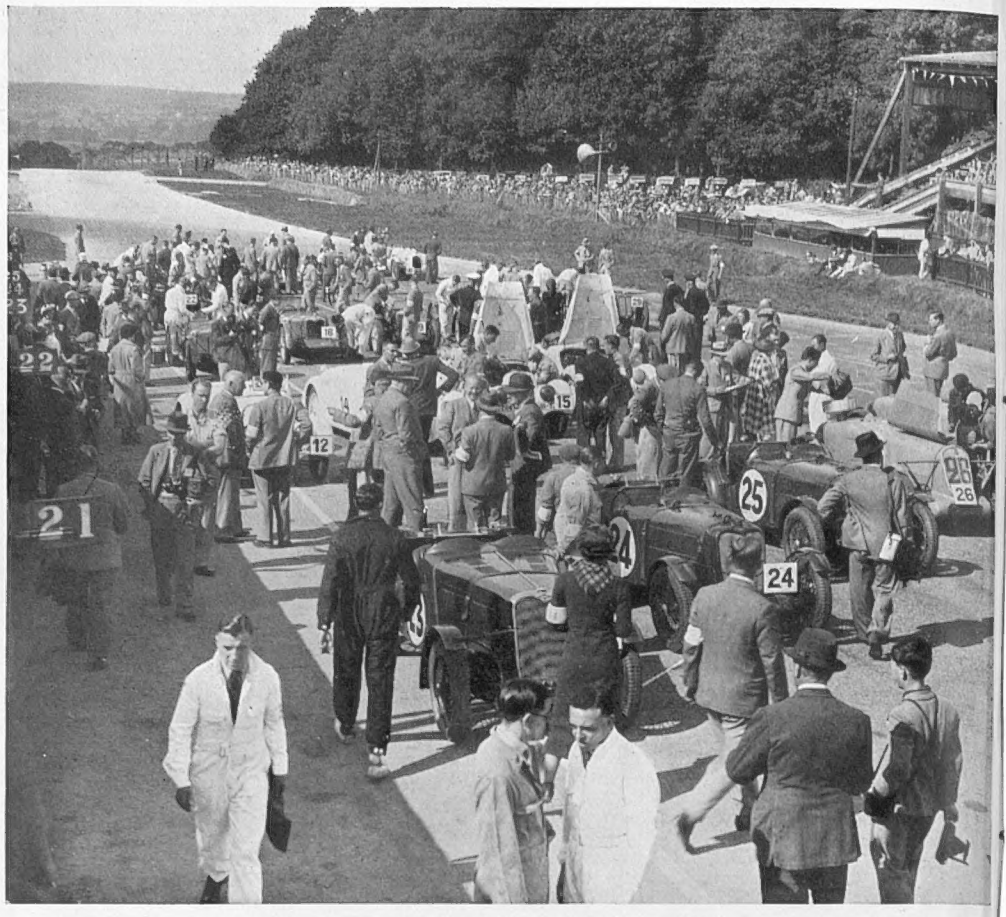
AT RED GATE CORNER: An action study of the winner, G. Comotti, taken just after he had passed Norman Black's Singer as he entered the bend. Note the expansion-chamber of the exhaust system (beneath the No. 10). This is ribbed to assist cooling and is typical of the attention to detail which makes these cars so successful



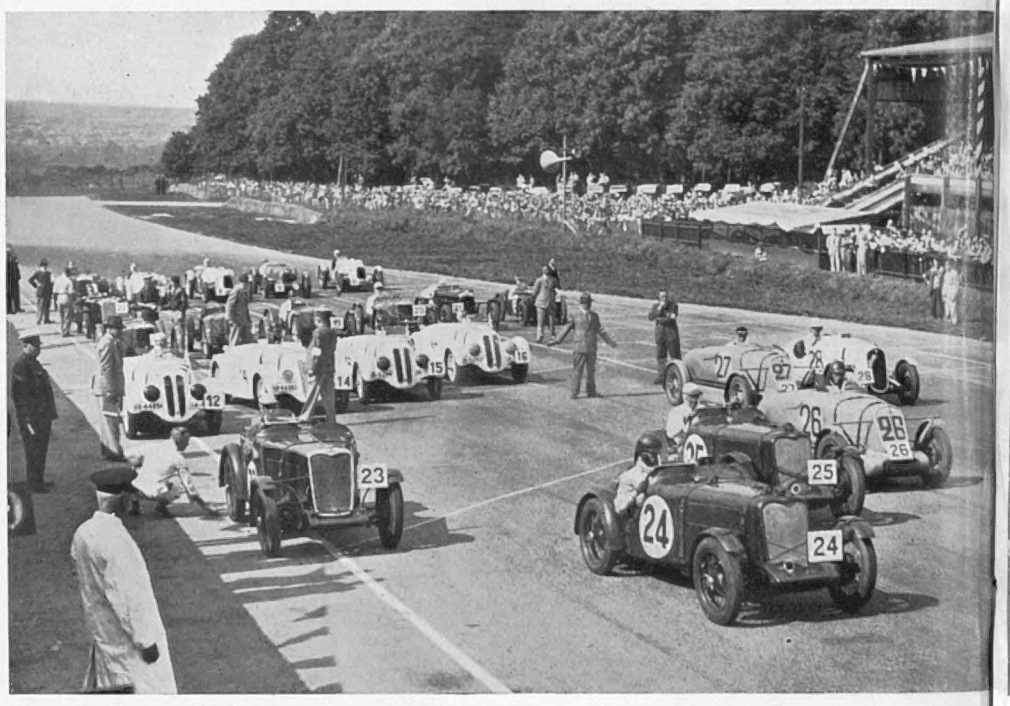
SWEEPING DOWN THE HILL into Melbourne Corner provided the drivers of the fast cars with a new thrill. Here is B. Bira on the B.M.W. (No. 16) roaring past A. Daunt-Bateman's Riley. Nearly 20,000 cars were parked round the 3½-miles course and people thronged the enclosures six and seven deep



UNHURRIED EXIT! H. Laird calmly hoists himself out of the cockpit of his Morgan after its near-side front wheel had come off as he rounded dangerous Red Gate Corner. Until this occurred, the Morgan, whose first race this was, had run splendidly impressing everyone. Ah, well, we always regarded the Morgan as primarily a three-wheeler anyway!



BUSY MOMENTS BEFORE THE START: Mechanics, press photographers, drivers, officials and (very) privileged friends thronging the starting-line about half-an-hour before the race was due to begin. This period of pre-race activity, during which mechanics make last-minute adjustments and team chiefs give eleventh-hour instructions to the drivers, is always amongst the most tensely exciting moments of any race to the cognoscenti



THEY'RE OFF! The first group of cars gets away at the start, the various drivers being T. H. Wisdom, Singer (No. 23); T. D. Barnes, Singer (No. 24); Norman Black, Singer (No. 25); A. Gordini, Simca-Fiat (No. 26); P. Millard-Brune, Simca-Fiat (No. 27), and Mrs. A. C. Dobson, Fiat (No. 28). Mrs. Dobson was the only woman entrant but was somewhat outpaced

Thirty Thousand Watch The French Cars Triumph

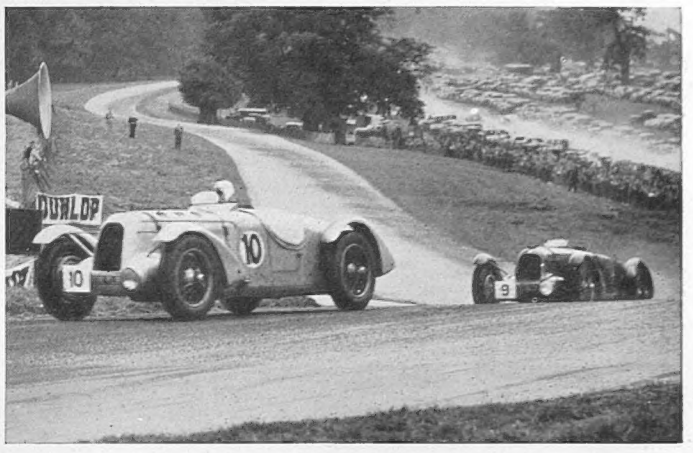
THE first Tourist Trophy Race ever run in England took place at Donington Park on Saturday, September 4, before a record crowd; 30,000 people paid to watch the cars flashing round the course which is set in beautiful surroundings. After having won five T.T. races, Great Britain had to admit defeat this year, French Darracq cars finishing first and second and a German B.M.W. third.

The first British car to finish was a Singer driven by J. D. Barnes who finished fourth. Many exciting incidents characterised the race, two cars losing wheels and many becoming involved in hair-raising skids, but all the drivers were of proven skill and no accident was reported. Glorious weather graced the event and the vast crowd of spectators was enthusiastic

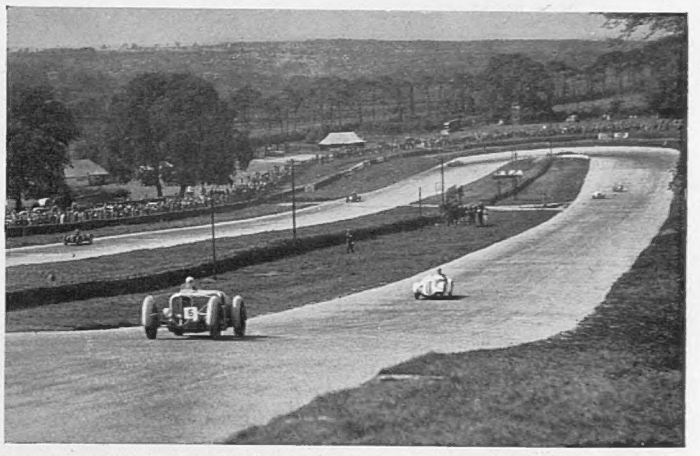
TO THE VICTOR: G. Comotti holding the Tourist Trophy which he won together with a purse of £500 and a further £100 for winning his class. On the left is B. Bira who finished third, and on the right is Comotti's team-mate, R. Le Begue who was second. Comotti was also fortunate in winning—

The Tourist Trophy Race, Held for the First Time in England, Provides a Wonderful Day's Sport at Donington Park, Derby: Some Exciting Individual Duels

THE "STRAIGHTS" FROM THE AIR: The dark smudges on the road in this picture are actually made by burnt rubber from the tyres of the racing cars. It will be seen from this picture how the drivers swing wide for the corners, cutting across the apex of their close in, then running rather wide again on emerging. The hairpin bend at the top of the picture is the new Melbourne Corner and the less acute bend towards the right is the Red Gate Bend

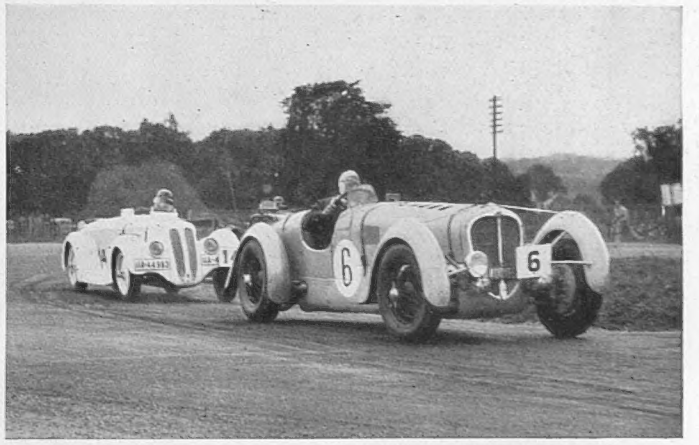


COMOTTI VERSUS LE BEGUE! The two Darracq drivers had a real tussle for the lead at one period, passing and repassing each other to the great delight and amusement of the crowd. Here is Comotti leading Le Begue round the hairpin bend past the Old Paddock



MELBOURNE CORNER: The new and tricky hairpin bend at the far end of the special T.T. extension to the Donington circuit. The cars in the foreground ascending the 1 in 12 hill are M. Mongin (Delahaye No. 6) and A. F. P. Fane (No. 14 B.M.W.). Fane provided much of the excitement of the race, his stirring duel with Sommer coming to an end when the Frenchman retired with engine trouble

THE RILEYS "STEP OFF": Three Rileys and Charlie Dodson (winner of two previous T.T. races) in a lone Austin start off in a bunch. Car No. 17 was driven by A. C. Dobson (who recently won the Berne Grand Prix in an E.R.A.), No. 18 by Percy Maclure, No. 19 by J. F. Gee, and No. 29 by Dodson. By a coincidence Dodson's winning mount last year was a Riley

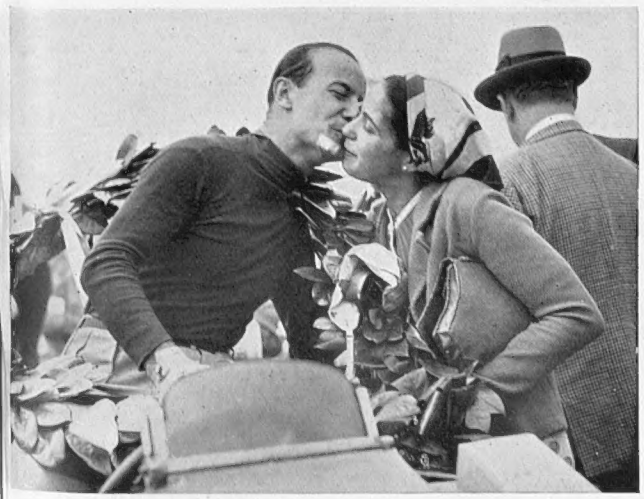


CLOSE-UP! Here is a striking study of Fane following in the wake of Mongin's Delahaye as the two swept round Red Gate, Fane, who is quite one of our most promising younger drivers, was ultimately put out with back axle trouble. Mongin finished fifth, in just over 4 hours 46 minutes

A Contest of Fast Cornering and Hairbreadth Escapes

over the whole affair, although the drivers found the course rather dusty. The special extension of the circuit from Starkey's Corner down the steep hill to the new Melbourne hairpin and up the hill on the return provided much excitement as some of the fastest cars leapt in the air as they tore down to the corner, the drivers having to brake for the bend as soon as they again touched terra firma!

Gianfranco Comotti, the winner, originally came over as spare driver to the Darracq team, but drove in place of Chiron who was prevented from attending. Rene Le Begue who drove his Darracq into second place put in the fastest laps both in practice and in the race itself, being timed on one section at over 132 m.p.h.



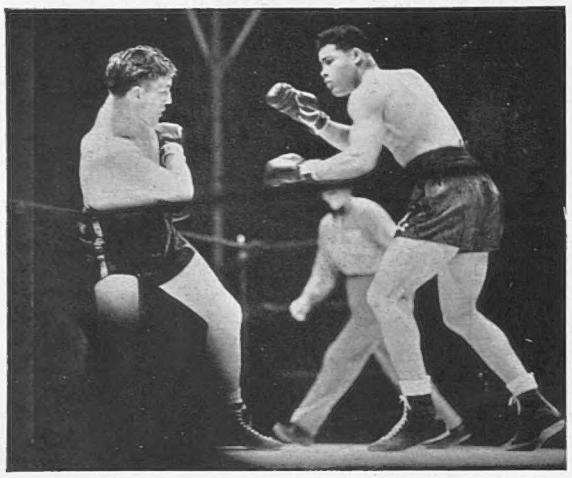
—THIS KISS FROM HIS WIFE: The T.T. provided Comotti's first experience of racing in Great Britain and he expressed himself as delighted with the Donington course and congratulated the Royal Automobile Club on its organisation of a first-class race. He is a really first-class racing driver

FINIS: Comotti receiving the chequered flag at the conclusion of his victorious drive. It will be seen from the score board behind that his average speed for 4½ hours was 68.7 m.p.h. His driving was extraordinarily consistent and he averaged more than 1 m.p.h. faster than anyone else in the race. He very speedily established a commanding lead

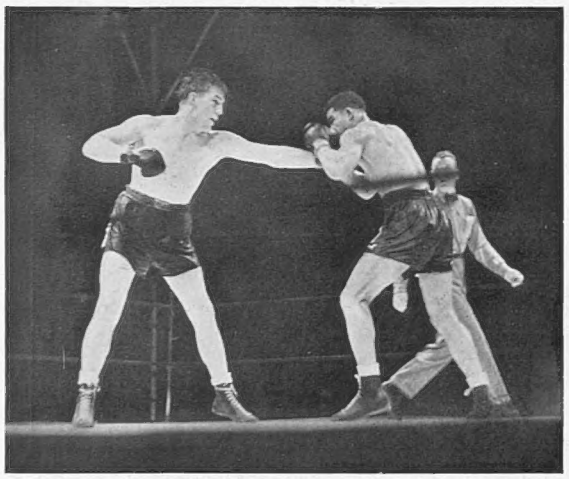
FARR'S GLORIOUS FAILURE

His Gallant Fight to Wrest the World Title

THE FIRST ROUND: Joe Louis, negro holder of the world heavyweight title, and Tommy Farr, champion of the British Empire, at the start of their fight at the Yankee Stadium, New York, in which the Welshman put up such a magnificent performance, only just losing the decision

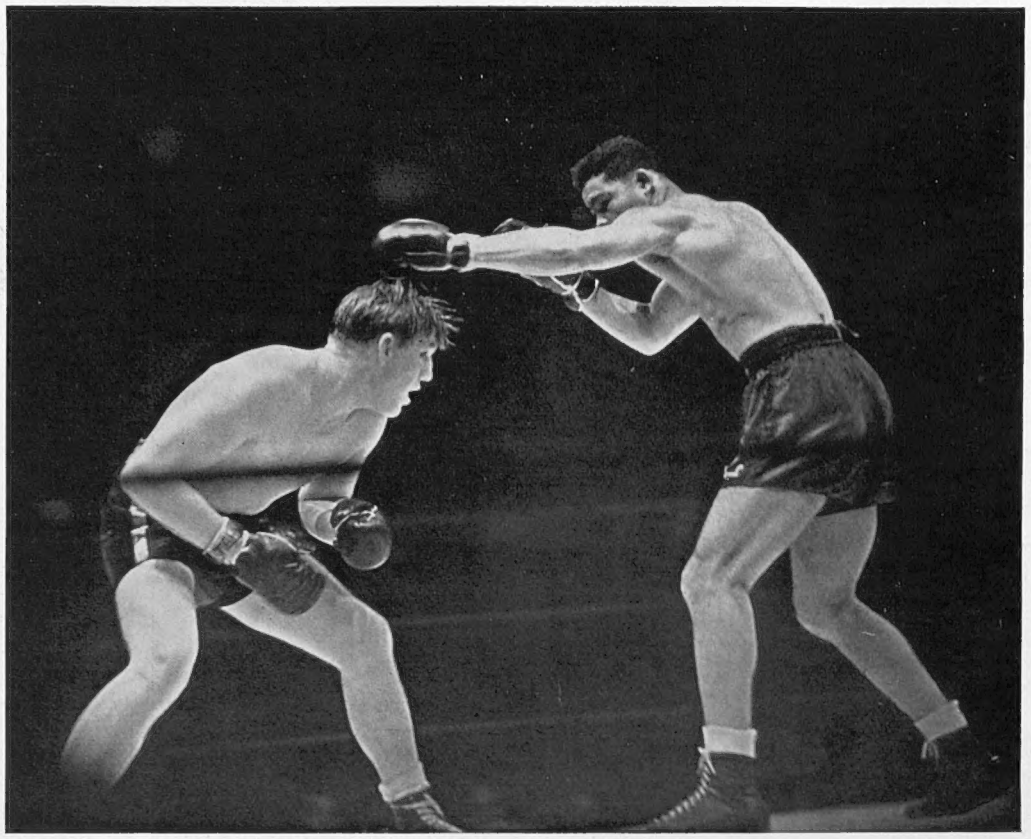


FARR CORNERED: Although the negro often had the Welshman on the ropes he could never get in a really damaging blow and, in fact, never showed any likelihood of scoring a knock-out. Many had betted heavily on the fight ending in Louis' favour before the eighth round



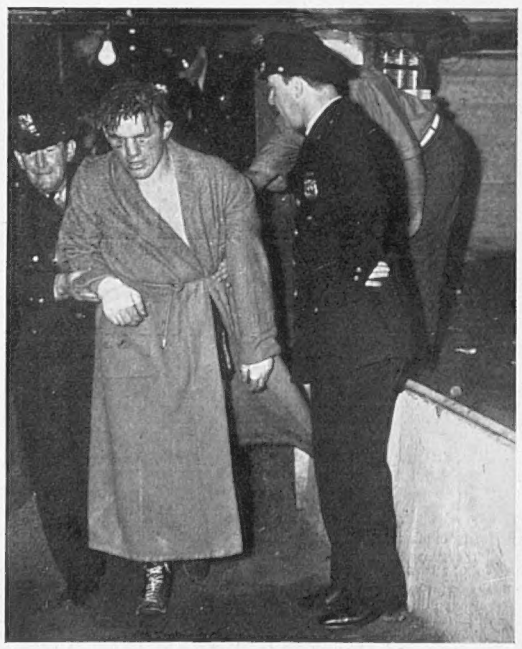
LEFT LEADS were Farr's strong suit and time and time again he used them to good effect in keeping Louis at bay. By these methods, in the best traditions of boxing, he proved himself much the cleverer of the two men

ACCLAIMING THE WINNER: There were boos from all parts of the stadium when Harry Balough, the announcer, lifted Louis' hand in token of victory, for many thought Farr had done enough to earn the decision



LOUIS MISSES: For the greater part of the bout the negro champion was all at sea, being totally incapable of getting the measure of his opponent who weaved and ducked to such good effect that (as depicted here) the most vicious rights and lefts missed their mark by inches. American critics, nearly all of whom had predicted a speedy end to the contest and before the start had nothing good to say of Farr, were confounded in their prophecies but on the morning after most of them were lavish in their praise

SCARS OF BATTLE: Both men took an immense amount of punishment in the fifteen rounds, Farr (*left*) sustaining cuts under both eyes which streamed blood and did much to hamper him in the last vital minutes when he was going all out for victory. Louis (*right*) had a nasty bruise under one eye and damaged one of his hands so badly that it had to be put into plaster. He will not fight again this year



AFTERMATH: Tired Tommy Farr (*left*) escorted back to his dressing room by policemen, his face clearly showing the punishing he had received and stood up to so well, and (*right*) equally fatigued Joe Louis receiving the attention of his satellites. The negro showed little imagination and poor ringcraft in his fighting

"FARR fooled me—My crown is doffed to him. I thought I had him, but he would not be finished" said Joe Louis, Champion of the World, after going fifteen gruelling rounds with Welshman Tommy Farr whom nearly all the American critics had dubbed on his first arrival in the country as "just another of Britain's horizontal heavyweights." Farr, indeed, was the worthiest of opponents, displaying a courage, a degree of skill, and a perseverance that all but won him the day and have justly aroused the enthusiasm of boxing supporters on both sides of the Atlantic. From the start the Welshman took the initiative, pushing out his left in telling fashion and, whenever danger threatened, ducking and weaving with the alacrity of a lightweight. Louis could really do nothing with him, never pinning him to a given spot to get in those punishing rights that have in the past sent to the boards nearly every boxer he has met, Schmeling, of course, excepted. Then came that thrilling grandstand finish, with the crowd standing on their seats in sheer excitement as the two men exchanged a fusillade of blows in an effort to gain the few vital points that meant the difference between defeat and victory. It was an evening that will live for long in the annals of the ring

ARMED ABYSSINIAN PEASANTS SEEK SANCTUARY IN BRITISH TERRITORY

And Other Pictures from the African Continent—Ruanda's Handsome Descendants of the Egyptian Shepherd Kings

FLIGHT FROM ITALIAN RULE: Watching a recently-arrived party of Abyssinian refugees laying down their arms on arrival at a military post in British Somaliland. They had escaped across the border rather than submit to the Italian troops which are now engaged in "mopping up operations" in outlying regions of the newly won country. The advent of these refugees in this British colony, and also in neighbouring Kenya, is proving something of an embarrassment on account of their numbers, for only a few days ago it was reported that a total of 8,000 of them had up to then sought safety under the British flag, and there were prospects that even more would elude Marshal Graziani's columns and cross the frontiers. On arrival most of them are found to be suffering from starvation, while small-pox and typhoid are rife. Everything possible is being done for their welfare, and steps are being taken to prevent infection spreading

"ONE TOUCH OF NATURE . . .": Two English girls holiday-making in Kenya admire the child of a native woman. She belongs to the primitive Suk people who dwell for the most part just north of Lake Baringo and are characterised by the extreme blackness of their skins. Flat, protruding pieces of ivory are attached to their lower lips as personal adornment

MARKED EGYPTIAN FEATURES are a striking characteristic of the people of the Ruanda country in East Africa, thus lending credence to the belief that the natives are descendants of the Shepherd Kings of Egypt. This handsome fellow, with his rakish beard, is typical of his race

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IN THE MONTMARTRE "MAQUIS"

Where Gang Warfare Has Reached Such Alarming Proportions, Recalling the Old Days of Corsican Banditry

By FERDINAND TUOHY

THE unsolved strangulation of a number of London women is associated with the particular racket revolving round their mode of life. Under pressure from inquiring detectives they are believed to have squealed, violated the underworld's most sacred law—in two cases the "unfortunates" relating what they knew of victims of murders preceding their own. In turn the Soho-Euston crimes are linked with an international ring with which we made contact in the "Red Max" case, and having guidance in Paris, perennial capital of the European vice traffickers whose operating terrain may be almost the universe.

On this account the shooting of "the General of the Corsicans," Jean-Paul Stéfani, in the tourist-haunted rue Fontaine, falls opportunely in that subsequent revelations enable one to enter the Montmartre *maquis*-bush-jungle—where are permitted to reign as little kings the various *chefs de band* of the drug, white slave, blackmail, gaming, and parallel rackets.

Stéfani was a big chief. Varied and furtive hands would pass him as much as 4,000 and 5,000 francs most days, his rake-off from heroin and cocaine peddling alone. "*La came*" it is called, and what Stéfani didn't import in trick suitcases or car seats from Marseilles and Belgium (chiefly) he manufactured in his own apartment out at the bourgeois Porte de Champeret. With his adroit subjection and "placing" of women and other activities the fellow bragged of having cleared 3,000,000 francs in the past twelve months. Maybe a good third of this went in soothing Authority and in humouring envious ones who could be nuisances if not dangerous. That still left £14,000 profit.

The Paris "social police" is periodically wont to make a song and dance about the monster *raffles* or round-ups it carries out. The latest to be announced in this guise: "A force of forty detectives raiding the Montmartre, Montparnasse, and La Villette quarters in a two weeks' day and night clean-up have taken away 3,600 individuals of both sexes for interrogation, of whom 420 have been maintained under arrest" sounds thorough enough but for the vulgar fact that the ringleaders regularly escape the net, although their names and haunts are well known—indeed are on occasion referred to openly in the sensational crime press.

That investigating police officials and detectives are open to bribery dangled by the heads of rackets, is the broad hint of several Paris newspapers in the wake of the Stéfani murder. "The policy of the police non-intervention is expected to continue," satirises one journal. "When Premier Monsieur Tardieu sent an expedition of 400 to Corsica to wipe out the last bandits there who had taken to the *maquis*, is it not time the Chautemps Government mobilised a similar force to wipe out the 'Corsicos' who have so successfully taken to the *maquis* of Montmartre?"

These publications consider that the practice of glorifying gang leaders and of photographing dud and worse investigating officials at their desks is too reminiscent of Chicago in Al Capone days, and should stop. Instead, the spotlight should be permanently focussed on the "social police's" recurrent failure to get results that really count. The wisdom of continuing the round-ups is even questioned. Too numerous have been the harmless foreign tourists, come to see the Exhibition, but taken to the police station instead, after being challenged in the street and protesting that their passports were in their hotel—if they could make themselves understood at all. "They return home thoroughly vexed and convinced that Paris must be a city of cut-throats."

The spectacular police activity, then, is doing damage and little counteracting good. But "a city of cut-throats"? Let us investigate. . .

It used to be a standing joke that battles between apaches in low dives were mostly staged for tourists wanting a thrill. Fake. The Paris correspondent of an Italian paper the other day took up the refrain again. "Don't bother to come to Paris to the Exhibition. You will only see fake apaches and fake *gigolettes* in fake dives. After a revolver 'battle' the one thing that will not be fake will be the collection for the 'wounded' one. Montmartre is still trying to live on the fable of 'Golden Helmet,' that legendary heroine of the pre-war Butte, for whom bloody warfare is said to have been waged over months. Probably 'Golden Helmet' never existed."

True enough, long into the frantic 'twenties such fake battles would be staged "up the Hill" (and frighteningly realistic they could be, for those not in the know, bottles and glasses flying, tables and chairs broken, shrieks, red ink, revolver shots, lights out, groans, "*les flics!*"); no doubt they are being staged anew to-day in a Paris packed with foreigners once more, but side by side with such hot entertainment is to be found increasingly the very real thing—gang warfare—as respect for law and order tends to diminish amid all the social upset being effected, and as revived and expanding "special" markets have to be fought for, vice demand arising from the determination of tourists, relatively rich again on the exchange, to—relax.

Just 100 years ago, in the Paris of young Hugo and Balzac, the "companions of crime" of the capital settled accounts with daggers at the Bal du Sauvage and in l'Assommoir, both located where is to-day the Faubourg du Temple. At the turn of the century, operations had diverged a little to the north, rue de Belleville, where the Tête de Cochon saw the first genuine apache scrapping. Men would then mutually stab *à-la loyale* for their women, did rivals succeed in luring these away or even try. But they were poor fish in the worldly sense, sentimentalists, too, those apaches, compared with what was to be gradually thrown up by the war aftermath. The roughly clad apaches of the early 1900s actually went in fear of the police.

In the hectic 1920s the hub of affairs altered again, this time to the Porte Saint-Denis whose bad men espied no challenge until about ten years ago, when of a sudden it was revealed that a select company of Corsicans and Marseillais had invaded the capital, bent on setting up their own racket in bare-faced competition with the native Parisian article. The newcomers first selected the boulevard between the Place Clichy and the Place Pigalle as their beat. Chez Dante and l'Ange Rouge were their hang-outs, kept by members of the gang. Subsequently headquarters shifted to the adjacent rue Fontaine now familiarly known as the rue du Gang. It was here that Stéfani was shot to death, latest of a dozen or more locally committed gang executions.

By 1930 Montmartre had become the only and accepted centre of affairs, the Porte Saint-Denis boys having moved up there. At that period and for some time after, things were still booming in Paris and there was enough "work" for each camp, however bitterly they eyed one another — actually the "Corsicos" were more inclined to smile contemptuously, for they had little trouble in getting what women they wished to "place" or themselves live on, while a keener business sense sent them ahead in the dope traffic. The gentlemen from the Midi had appeal and brains.

It was not until the slump began to empty Paris and beckon hard times for *le milieu*, as this rather vile world is known, that the inevitable cannibalism set in. This group "did the dirty" on that one. Vendetta. Shootings. Trials. Silences. No group that suffered the loss of a member, murdered, ever gave evidence against rival gangsters who had committed the crime. The first might charge this and that under preliminary third degree questioning but once in the witness-box they would brazenly deny it all and, astonishingly, get away with it where in England similar conduct would bring the severest sentence for perjury.

The first murder in the present series was that of Robert Guitton, one of the Porte Saint-Denis placers who had been badly hit by the Corsicos' raids on his women. Guitton sought to reverse the process; went to the rue Fontaine and ordered Mimi la Rouge to leave her "protector," the Corsican Taddei; on the woman refusing, hit her, and for his pains received a hail of bullets from a neighbouring bar.

What, by the way, is a placer? Few underworld characters are currently experiencing a fatter time. A placer is he who collects "material" for dispatch to the many thousand tolerated houses in France and her colonies, also for shipment overseas and for railing to other European countries. A placer (one learns) has a highly delicate job which requires dexterity, psychology, persuasiveness, blarney, audacity, and reflection. A retired placer, now confessing anonymously, states that in ten years 914 young women called on himself and partner, who never went out after their material. The system was for likely girls "up against it" to be given the necessary address at dozens of "directing posts" skilfully established at pivotal centres such as bars, cafés, hotels, restaurants, frequented by work-girls and kindred potential prey.

Young women are usually sent off two at a time, but must not be seen off by their placers. The police won't allow this. The material is met the other end at the station and sized up—then and in the next few days. If satisfactory, the placer will receive a money order for from 750 to 1,000 francs, together with observations in an easily-pierced code, such as *carton* for girl. Provided the material does not run away or otherwise let the house down, a like sum is again forwarded two weeks later. But receivers reserve the right to value the material sent, and sometimes consider 250 francs ample remuneration.

With Buenos Aires, Bucarest, and long-distance consignments generally, things are more complicated and costly. The facile way here is to dispatch material in the guise of a dancing troupe, or, failing that, to provide "treated" passports which have been stolen, showing the bearer to be travelling in business. There has long been known to exist a passport-faking factory up at Clichy, the provision of false papers representing one of the *milieu's* surest and most constant sources of gain. It is reputed to bring in about the same as the traffic in arms, mainly revolvers.

Far more paying is the supplying of Paris with *la came* and the expediting of this to foreign countries. So much is written of the drug traffic that I shall merely add this: It is now as bad as ever, if not worse, and, regrettably, League action must be held partly responsible. Geneva managed to have most clandestine factories in Europe (Near East chiefly) closed, only for the manufacturers to repair out East, bang next the poppy fields of China and Manchukuo. The white derivative drugs are shipped through the Suez to European and even, lately, to American ports, the U.S. watch on the Pacific coast having been found too stiff.

The only visible way to tackle the new-style "snow" storm would be to pass an international convention legalising the visiting of all ships passing westward through the Suez.

(*Continued on page* 436)

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A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

1930, when the British Gliding Association was formed by a number of enthusiasts "to promote and encourage gliding in all its aspects." Gliding clubs were formed in many parts of the country, but found it extremely difficult to compete with the subsidised competition of the light aeroplane clubs. Four years later, however, their efforts were recognised by the Government who granted a subsidy of £25,000. The effect was immediate. Clubs increased in size and numbers and the standard of flying improved out of all recognition. This year, for the first time it was possible for Great Britain to participate in the International gliding competitions in Germany. A team of five machines was entered and put up a very creditable performance in the face of heavily subsidised competition from six other nations. The longest flight made by a British pilot during the competitions was from Mount Wasserkuppe near Frankfurt to Eger in Czechoslovakia, a distance of 111 miles.

The most frequent comment upon gliding concerns its utility, and although a number of excellent answers are available to such a challenge, it is well to remember that the yardstick of utility does not always indicate the true value of a science in the course of development. As a medium of flight training gliding has several advantages. Perhaps the most outstanding concerns the progressive method of instruction, which is at all times adaptable to the individual ability of the pupil. Unlike the customary methods of the Flying Schools where the pupil flies with an instructor during the probationary period, and is then suddenly sent "solo," the glider pilot flies "solo" from the start. In the early stages a specially designed primary training machine is used and flights are made having a duration which can only be measured in seconds, and are carried out over almost level ground at an altitude of a few feet. In this way mistakes are immediately apparent, and the worst that can happen is that the machine returns to earth. Gradually, as the pupil is able to carry out some simple

(*Continued on page 434*)

On right—FALCON III: One of the latest types of British sailplane with its massive wingspan and enclosed cockpit. This model is capable of lengthy cross-country flights

UP SHE GOES: One of the larger gliders, pulled from the ground by rope and winch, taking off from Great Hucklow, Derbyshire, during the national soaring contests which attracted no fewer than thirty-eight competitors—an indication of the healthy progress that has been made by British sailplane pilots of recent years. Several noteworthy cross-country, altitude, and duration flights were made

On right—LIFEBELT OF THE AIR: Mr. K. M. Turner being helped on with his parachute before taking off from Great Hucklow

A HANDSOME NEWCOMER TO WASHINGTON: The recently completed Federal Reserve building, the first permanent structure to house the Federal Reserve Board since its inception in 1914, has now been completed in the U.S. capital at a cost of £700,000. It is constructed of Georgia marble and has a spacious terrace before the main entrance. The Board of Governors perform the functions of a central bank, dealing with the general credit situation in the country

On left—RETURN TO HIS HOMELAND: Men engaged in disintering the remains of a Chinaman in the Chinese cemetery at Los Angeles before placing them in an 18-in. container for transportation to China and subsequent reinterment. This is done as there is an old Chinese tradition that the dead sleep peacefully only in the land of their forebears. The re-burial, however, does not take place until ten years have elapsed

FAITH AND SUPERSTITION MINGLED: In accordance with centuries-old rites these Chichicastenago Indians swing incense before the door of a Roman Catholic church in Guatemala City to keep the evil spirits from accompanying them into the place of worship. This curious blending of paganism and Christianity is a typical feature of native religious life in Central America

"HOT MONEY"

And Its Invasion of the United States: Mr. Roosevelt's difficult task in keeping down prices for "The Forgotten Man"

WHAT is to be the future of foreign deposits and investments in the United States?

Almost a year ago, the U.S. Government began casting about for an effective plan to curb the flow of "hot money" into the country. By "hot money" the American means foreign gold which to-day is being deposited and invested in the United States in increasing amounts.

It is also interesting to note that they believe the United States will not be involved in the next European war, a belief which appears to this writer to be as childish as the belief in Santa Claus. But then a man must believe in something.

But the Roosevelt effort to legislate the United States into a state of neutrality appears to have about the same prospect of success as the Wilson effort to legislate the United States into a state of desiccation. If the United States sells to belligerents on credit, it will be involved. If it sells for cash, it will be involved. If it sells to one set of belligerents and not to another, it will be involved. And, if it refuses to sell, it will be involved. In other words, it is living in the same world with a great many other people, and can scarcely escape the common destiny.

The foreign gold, however, is coming into the United States and is having its effect on the country. This is unavoidable, because the American banks have long since been choked with idle funds, funds that are not being lent or invested; first because American industry is somewhat more than nervous about how far it will have to go with labour; and, second, because it cannot be sure whether President Roosevelt will ever cease spending public funds; and, third, because it does not wish to pay the currently high taxes on private enterprise and income.

Indicative is the new building boom that is sweeping Miami, Florida. Two hundred new "luxury" hotels have been erected during 15 months, and upwards of 100 palatial residences have either been completed or are in process of construction. An extremely wealthy man explained to me that he was willing to spend his money thus for pleasure, "because I will get something out of it. I am not willing to put my money into a business at this time, however, because the Government will take it all." His attitude reflects the attitude of most of the wealthy people of the United States, and the attitude of the banks toward commercial and industrial loans.

Meanwhile, the force of too much idle money is raising prices, a spectre which Roosevelt beheld and feared a year ago. It is why he has thought, seriously though reluctantly, of punitive measures against foreign capital. He has not thus far authorised the step because he takes his "good neighbor" policy seriously, and because he knows that the United States to-day is militantly, if not belligerently pacifist. The President views with the most concern, however, the way in which this influx is affecting the man in whom he has evinced the greatest interest—"the forgotten man."

The lowly "Hamburger" sandwich, for example, which used to cost 5 cents, now costs 10 cents. The 10-cent sandwich now costs 15 cents, and the 15-cent sandwich now costs 20 cents, while, outside the ranks of organised labour, wages and salaries generally have not been increased. And what is true of the "Hamburger" sandwich is true in general of the other necessities of life. The upshot of the matter is that, after spending billions to "prime the pump," Roosevelt is back where he started. He still has to do something about the ratio between wages and prices. It is therefore likely that, after January 1 next, there will be some punitive measures against foreign capital. The question then arises as to the form these punitive measures will assume.

What has been proposed, and what has received some support, in financial as well as in governmental circles, is either a capital gains tax or a withholding tax, or both. The difficulty with this proposal lies in the fact that it contains nothing which would guarantee its having its intended effect, and that it contains a great deal which might have a highly unwelcome effect on the financial community of Wall Street. For example, the proposal to require a 100 per cent. reserve against foreign gold deposits in American banks.

The two objections to this plan which are most impressive to American bankers thus far are, first, that such a restriction of New York's international money market would undoubtedly have an adverse effect on American foreign trade; and, second, that it might lead to the application of the same reserve requirement to all commercial bank deposits, a proposal indeed which has already been made, however absurd it may sound. But these are by no means the only objections.

Superficially, this plan might be supposed to furnish a good means of "sterilising" foreign gold, without cost to the U.S. Treasury. It might be supposed that it would enable the Treasury to stop borrowing money with which to finance gold purchases. It might be supposed that it would even make it desirable for the Treasury to use some of the idle gold it has buried near Fort Knox, Kentucky, to redeem part of its outstanding obligations.

The three implications of the situation are interesting.

First, much as American financiers object to the Government's gold policy, they are beginning to prefer that the Government should continue to borrow money to finance gold purchases than to engage in any such direct action against foreign capital.

Second, it appears that unless the administration can conceive of some plan not heretofore envisaged, it cannot hope to reduce the influx of foreign gold into the United States.

Third, Roosevelt apparently cannot escape a period of inflation, regardless of how sedulously he may seek to avoid it.

Nelson Springer

NEWCOMERS AT BURNHAM

New Craft and Modern Rig Attract Attention in Yachting Week, and Other Pictures of Sailing Interest

"NATASHA" SHOWS HER PACES: This new boat which scored a success for Mr. L. H. Ryan in the "C" Class Handicap on the second day of Burnham Week illustrates the present trend from the old principle of carrying a greater proportion of the sail area aft. Mainsails, in fact, incline to diminish in size

WHITE SAILS ON SUMMER WATERS: Mr. W. L. Horbury, Jnr. owns a most delightful schooner in the *Thendera*, a veteran of some thirteen years standing. She can proceed both under sail and steam, having two Gardiner oil engines driving twin screws. The vessel is over 84 ft. on the water line, with spacious cabin accommodation

"RHYTHM'S" MAIDEN RACE: This welcome addition to the East Coast One-design Class was a striking sight with her great ballooning gib as she raced for home in the first outing of her career in Burnham Yachting Week—the greatest small-boat meeting of the year. *Rhythm*, which had only recently been launched, came in second, and on the following day scored a runaway first

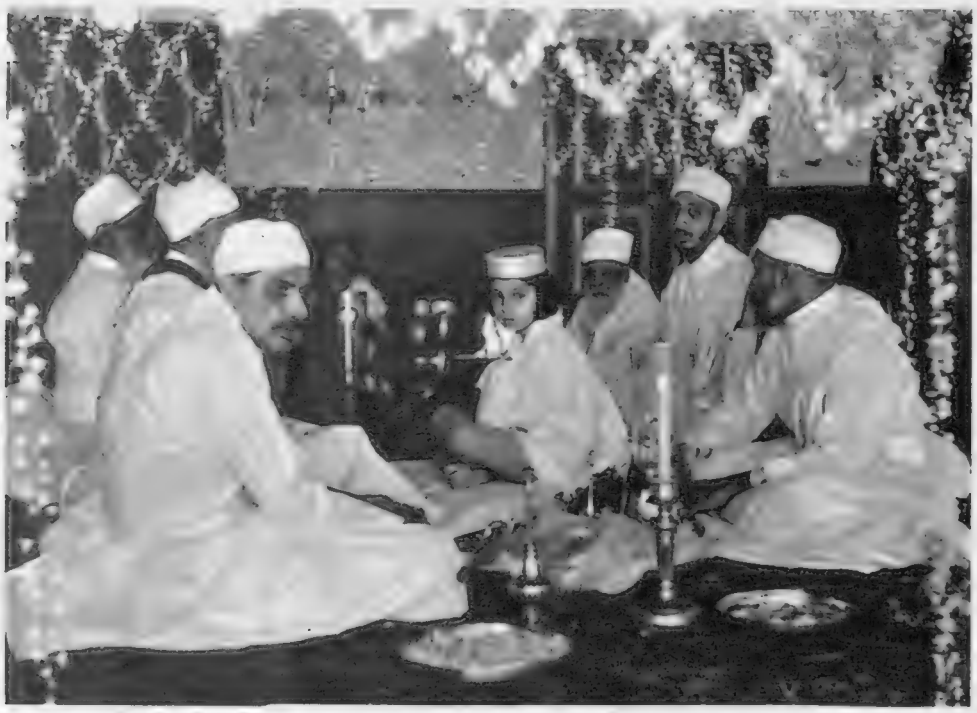
"LITTLE ASTRA'S" MIGHTY GIB is undoubtedly her most striking feature, and to a large extent is the secret of her speed. This sail's size is not by any means unusual for these days, and is indeed typical of modern practice, as witness the great "Genoas" that have become a much-discussed feature of the "J" class boats *Little Astra* was built this year, and belongs to that good sportsman, Mr. Hugh F. Paul

BEHIND THE SCENES at a PARSI CONFIRMATION

The First Pictures Ever to be Taken of the Phases of This Important Ceremony Held by the Indian Followers of Zoroaster

THE FLAME OF FAITH: The ceremony of a Parsi confirmation, which has never before been photographed in its entirety, opens with the arrival of the priests who enter the flower-decked pavilion and seat themselves beside the sacred sandalwood fire, chanting prayers and awaiting the entrance of the girl who is to be received into the religion of Zoroaster. The fire is an object of reverence in that it is regarded by the devout as an outward manifestation of the presence of the Deity

THE NEOPHYTE—a little girl of about seven years of age clad in a short cape and brimless hat—is brought before the priests for her confirmation, being received into the religion of Zoroaster and henceforth considered morally accountable for all her actions



RECITING THE PRAYER OF REPENTANCE: The neophyte sits between the priests and makes full admission of her past wrongdoings and a declaration acknowledging her unquestioning belief in the religion of her forebears. The ceremony of confirmation is known as the "Navjote," and the pavilion in which it takes place is gaily adorned for the occasion by the girl's relatives

THE GIRL IS VESTED WITH THE KUSTI or girdle of the faith, a cord of lamb's wool woven by women of the priestly class and composed of seventy-two threads representing the seventy-two chapters of the Yasna or Holy Book of the Parsis. It symbolises that she is now girt to carry out the guiding principles of the religion taught her in infancy by her parents

AFTER THE DECLARATION OF FAITH the girl's relatives remove her outer garments before she is clad by the priest in the white cotton vest—the Sadra—which, except in her bath-tub, she must wear to the end of her days. It has a pocket in which "to store her righteousness"

NO community in India is so thoroughly imbued with western influences as the Parsi, for these light-complexioned folk who originally came from Persia and have settled down to such a position of dominance in Bombay Presidency, are to be seen at all the most fashionable social functions, and in many ways are intensely go-ahead. None the less in their homes they cling to their complex, age-old customs and to the religion of Zoroaster with all its elaborate ritual. Even the smartest Parsi girl, her toe-nails painted to match her bright sari and versed in all the arts of the lipstick and the eyebrow pencil, wears beneath her fashionable blouse the simple white cotton vest given her at the ceremony of "Navjote" or confirmation, the phases of which are illustrated in the accompanying pictures

THE NEWLY CONFIRMED DAUGHTER OF THE HOUSE, now a full member of the ancestral faith, stands with her parents and brothers and sisters on the steps of the pavilion where the ceremony has taken place. Round her neck is a garland of flowers

Palestine's Almost Self-Supporting Jewish School System

LUNCH TIME AT A GIRLS' BOARDING SCHOOL AT HAIFA: A scene in one of Palestine's many fine Jewish educational institutions which, owing to the fairly ample resources of the Jewish community, subsist on an extremely low Government grant, often totalling less than £30,000 a year and comparing favourably with the state of affairs in the Arab community.

The teaching is Zionist in character, indoctrinating the ideals of the National Home and, except in a few instances, Hebrew is the language in which all lessons are given. The recent report of the Palestine Royal Commission devotes a section to the Jewish school system and, apart from criticism of its essentially Jewish rather than Palestinian objective, praises its efficiency

P. Meyer

CRAFTSMANSHIP: *Above*—Girls at work in an art class, and a boy (*right*) engaged in carpentry at one of the schools controlled by the Jewish Federation of Labour, which makes a particular point of teaching the youths to use their hands and to learn some useful trade which in later life may stand them in good stead. From the age of six upwards gardening classes are held, pupils being given small strips of land to cultivate with flowers and vegetables

NAGA HEADHUNTERS OF THE

Pictured at a Brotherhood Celebration Held to Mark the End

IN GALA GET-UP: Two members of a Naga head-hunting clan, inhabitants of that remote and only partially explored region on the borderland of Assam and Burma where these primitive people, warlike and intensely savage in character, have lived from time immemorial, cut off from the world by their mutual wars and preserving their own highly individual culture. Though clan and clan and village and village are so often at loggerheads, they sometimes agree to a truce and, as depicted on these pages, mark the occasion by an elaborate "brotherhood celebration," for which they adorn themselves in all the glory of their traditional costumes, afterwards making merry in the most exuberant fashion

THE DANCE OF VICTORY: The son of a Naga clan chieftain giving a solo perfor ance at the brotherhood celebration held to mark the end of a tribal feud. This particular youth, with his beaded bracelets and other colourful trappings, was the centre of particular attention as a short while before he had killed a panther single-handed. His dance was an expression of his triump

SYMBOLISING THE NEW ERA OF PEACE: The highspot of the brotherhood celebration is the dance in which the men of both clans participate, gorgeously arrayed in their gala dresses, which take the form of wide and gaily-decorated belts coming over their shoulders and crossing in the middle of the back. The dance goes on for hour after hour, with frequent pauses for refreshment, and as night draws on its tempo gathers in force until at last the men sink exhausted by their efforts. It is a sight that few Europeans have witnessed, and this must be the first time it has been photographed in all its realism

On left—WARRIORS ON AN ASI WAY: Members of one of the way to the village of the clan had at last made a truce, and were to celebrate. They are pictu along a road constructed by the authorities. It is not open to having been built largely for st

HE ASSAM-BURMA BORDERLAND

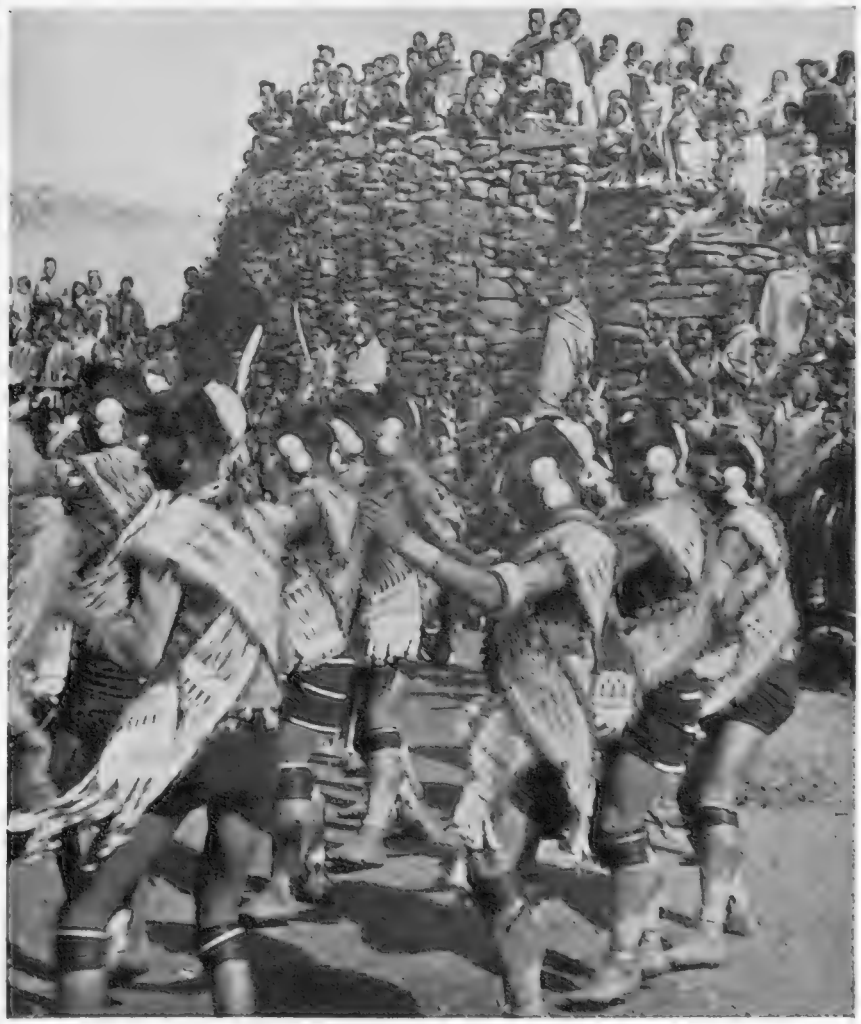
End of One of Their Fierce and Long Drawn Out Tribal Feuds

MAN OF SUBSTANCE: This member of one of the Naga clans, with his remarkable head-dress decorated with multi-coloured feathers, holds a position of special eminence in that he is the owner of a gun, probably obtained by barter during the visit of a trading expedition from the Burmese side of the borderland. In warfare it is his privilege to lead the attack and in times of peace to get meat for the pot

QUAFFING THE CUP OF PEACE from a buffalo horn, the only type of drinking vessel known to the Nagas who, owing to their remoteness from civilisation, do but little trade with the outside world beyond the acquisition, whenever possible, of rifles and other weapons of war. Rice wine, a brew known locally as "Zo", is the favourite beverage

N ASPHALT MOTOR-
of the clans on their
clan with which they
, and with whom they
e pictured here walking
by the British military
en to general traffic,
for strategic purposes

THE WOMENFOLK COME OUT IN ALL THEIR GLORY on this red letter day, wearing head-dresses of dazzling splendour which it is difficult to credit could be made with the primitive tools at their disposal. The skilful needlework of their cross-belts is equally notable. *On right*—Another phase of the dance watched by the veterans and youngsters of the village from the summit of a high wall



FAMOUS FORTS

RYE CASTLE

Edward I built the Ypres Tower and Land Gate which still remain as a memento of the age when Rye was a fortified port.

Today, just as in the days of Edward I, safety is the prime personal consideration. Hence DUNLOP Tyres. In this age of speed, the modern motorist will get, in DUNLOP Fort Tyres, his best safeguard against the risks of the road. For long service, safety, comfort and economy, fit DUNLOP.

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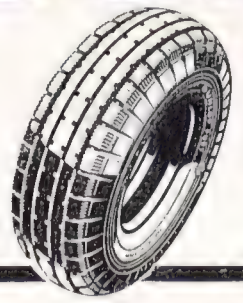

Fort

TYRES

C.F.H.

SEPTEMBER COMES TO SCOTLAND

SKYE'S RUGGED GRANDEUR: A passenger steamer from the mainland moored against the pier at Dunvegan, a part of the renowned island indelibly associated with the MacLeods, whose castle is one of the oldest inhabited residences in Britain and is at present owned by Mrs. Flora MacLeod—the 28th Lady of Dunvegan—who was elected chief of the Clan MacLeod Society last year. She is the widow of Mr. Hubert Walter, of *The Times*, but when the castle was made over to her in 1934 by her father, Sir Reginald MacLeod of MacLeod, resumed the ancestral name. Last week she presided at the Highland Games at Portree, Skye's capital

STORM CLOUDS GATHER OVER HILL AND MOORLAND as the crofter and his children return with their cart laden with peat. A scene on the Island of Skye which of recent days has been swept by a storm other than of Nature's making, the crofters, incensed at the new method of assessing rates on their rough stone and thatch homes, having threatened direct action. Sir Murdoch Macdonald, M.P. for Inverness, has urged the ringleaders to await a test case in the House of Lords or amending legislation, as he fears that they may otherwise harm what he considers to be a just cause. Sir Alexander Mackenzie Livingstone, who represented the Western Isles Division in Parliament from 1923 to 1929, is also championing the crofters

IN ROSS-SHIRE *and the* OUTER HEBRIDES

THE GRUINARD RUSHES SEAWARD

Through the Wilds of Remote and Lovely Ross-shire

This torrent passes through the wildest and most romantic country as it descends so swiftly from the hills to its mouth in Gruinard Bay on the western coast of Ross-shire. It is a glorious region in late summer with its crystal clear lochs and towering peaks outlined against the sky

"BE IT EVER SO HUMBLE . . ."

A crofter's home on the island of Lewis in the Outer Hebrides. The walls are largely composed of turf, and the thatched roof is held down by stones, which in turn are secured with ropes. The chimney is wooden, and the window is a mere hole in the roof

The CRUISE of the "NORSEMAN"

Visiting the Beauty Spots of Scotland's West Coast

AMID THE SOLITUDES OF THE WEST: The S.Y. *Norseman*, the magnificent yacht owned by Sir Charles Gordon, at anchor at Camas a Chois, North Ballachulish, Argyllshire, while on a cruise along the Scottish coast with Mr. D. Ballantyne, of Peebles, and his party. Sir Charles Gordon, who is President of the Bank of Montreal, is known in Canada as an all-round sportsman, but his keenest interest is in sailing and he is a member of the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club. He has a house at Torridon, West Ross

GOVERNMENT MEN KEEP WATCH AND WARD over every gallon of whisky made in Scotland's distilleries so that nothing shall be lost to the revenue. *Left.*—An Excise officer, whose duty it is to see the process through from start to finish, assesses the alcoholic content of the "brew." *Right.*—The distiller's warehouse, containing whisky on which the duty has not as yet been paid, has a double lock, one key being kept by the distiller and the other by the Exciseman who also employs a special seal so that he can tell if there has been any tampering

IT NEVER LEAKS: This pipeline across the village street in Rothes, Speyside, carries whisky from one distillery building to another. *On right*—A five thousand-gallon still, one of the largest in the Spey district—Scotland's world-renowned whisky production centre

Scotland Guards the Secret of Whisky

Magic Waters and Magic Blends

IT is impossible, even with the most careful methods of modern chemistry, to produce Highland Malt Whisky elsewhere than in the Scottish Highlands. Imitations have been attempted but every blender of high quality whisky prefers the real product. *Distilleries which have been closed for years are now working again.* The demand increases steadily.

What then is the secret of this whisky which even cunning chemists cannot wrest from it?

The answer is simple: Water.—Whisky must be made with water that has flown through peat bogs and it must have been exposed to Highland air in waterfalls and stony river beds. That is one reason for the difficulties encountered in attempts at reproducing Highland whisky under different conditions. The second great secret is one which is carefully guarded. It is handed down from father to son: The process which transforms barley into malt is stopped by heat. The exact mixture of coal and peat employed in the fires for this purpose is the closely guarded secret. This mixture influences the flavour of the resulting whisky and is one of the chief factors in the manufacture.

Apart from water and peat, there are many other little secrets which only the "brewer" knows, and when he has produced the straight liquor the blender steps in with carefully-guarded recipes.

Whisky distilleries are lonesome places. Some have train, others road connections to the outer world. Most of them are midst heather and rolling hills.

Unlike in other countries, no whisky may be made for personal use. It all has to be taxed. At every distillery an officer of the Customs and Excise Department watches over the whole process. He is even in residence. Nothing escapes his notice.

The Highlands used to be famous for their illicit stills. The number of these has dwindled. Some say they have vanished entirely. Yet only the other day a Scottish magistrate who dismissed the case as "Not proven" found it difficult to believe that coils of copper tubing found at the accused's house were for a wireless transmitter, that a 60-gallon tank was for photographic purposes, and 3½ cwts. of barley to feed hens the accused intended buying, and that he wanted to make yeast tablets for his friends.

A. A. G.

GRIM REALISM is the keynote of Barré Lyndon's successful and aptly named new play *They Came by Night* which is thriving at the Globe Theatre in no uncertain fashion. Here we see the big moment as the thieves break open the strong-room at a Hatton Garden bullion dealers. On the right is Owen Nares

STAGE *and* SCREEN:

LAST week I said that in future railway accidents should not be attempted on the stage but must be reserved for the cinema. A few days later I saw in *Crest of the Wave* at Drury Lane the best railway accident I have seen on any stage. Which is in accordance with the usual cussedness of things.

Now it is obvious that no good railway accident could ever redeem a bad play, and there is much more in Mr. Ivor Novello's musical melodrama than spectacle. In every respect it is better than its predecessor, and that was a considerable success. It also demonstrates two things – that it is possible to solve the problem of a large theatre without making either permanent transformation into a cinema or temporary tenancies by operatic companies the solution; and, further, that properly handled Druriodrama of the brand popular thirty or more years ago is still a commercial proposition.

I notice a tendency to mingle with the eulogies of Mr. Novello's play a few mild sneers on the lines that it is stuff for schoolboys and cannot really be taken seriously. Yet it is curious that spectacular films of the most expensively nit-witted type, compared with which *Crest of the Wave* is of Ibsenish profundity, are taken seriously by these very people. Whatever may be the future of the cinema it has not yet reached, intellectually, beyond the schoolboy stage except for a very few French films and certain productions from Soviet Russia which are not for schoolboys since schoolboys have the good sense not to care a darn about political propaganda (except, probably, the schoolboys of Soviet Russia, who jolly well have to care about it). That is why I say that Mr. Novello and his play deserve more appreciation by the intelligentsia, if consistency is one of the component parts of intelligence.

Of course Mr. Novello has to draw in broad lines and paint in vivid colours. But I see nothing wildly impossible in his story. His hero is an English duke who goes on the films because he needs the money. Well, recently an English earl, whose title is of a rare old vintage, went on the films for precisely that reason. His heroine is a common but attractive girl, who, having a bit of money to spare, goes on a pleasure cruise. "A farrago of impossibilities", to quote one description. I wonder. And I wonder also what proportion of the female population of cruising liners is made up of common but attractive girls with a bit of money. If Mr. Novello makes his heroine more attractive than common (which, since she is played by Miss Dorothy Dickson, could hardly be avoided) while Nature makes such girls more common than attractive, so much the better; no one can jib, surely, at stage licence here. Why should not another attractive girl, this time a villainess and a millionairess too, be hopelessly in love with the duke, offer to buy him with her millions, and shoot at him (fortunately she missed) when he spurned her? Millionairesses have tried to buy English dukes—far less alluring ones than Mr. Novello—before now, and some of them have succeeded.

THRILLERS GRAVE AND GAY

Some London Plays in this Category that are Proving a Big Draw

"GENERAL MICHAEL RAKOVSKI" TESTIFIES: The Minister of Enlightenment and Culture (Alan Napier) gives his distorted evidence at the trial in Elmer Rice's *Judgment Day* at the Phœnix, a play intended to typify conditions in a dictator-controlled State where liberty is conspicuous by its absence

COMEDY HIT: Reginald Sinclair (Edwin Styles; left) is taken in charge by Superintendent Pike (Richard Gray) in Walter Hackett's *London After Dark* which is still going strong at the Apollo with Marion Lorne, as twitteringly thrushlike as ever, playing the lead. Mr. Styles has never been seen to better advantage than in this show and has scored a real personal success

I point this out not only because it is one method of indicating the plot but because it is only fair to suggest that even from the point of view of your conscientious realist *Crest of the Wave* is not absurd. That at odd moments various characters in the story sing and dance is part of the convention, and an important part, too. That a cruising liner should, *coram populo*, turn into a grim battleship with guns sweeping the stalls, is merely an admirable piece of Drurylanity, cleverly conceived and perfectly executed. Yet with the world in its present condition something of the sort is quite likely to happen; even twenty years ago there were the "Q" ships and harmless-looking cargo boats with a dummy funnel which disappeared and guns which appeared in less time than the stage manager of Drury Lane took to get his effect, and just as smoothly. Mr. Novello's Versailles-cum-Marie Antoinette scene was intended to be part of a film in the making, and as such was most correctly incorrect in costume. Its chief merit was some uncommonly pretty music for a ballet. Indeed, all

THRILLER CUM FARCE: Snipe (Frank Roydel) his suspicions that their smuggling They are playing in *A Spot of Bother*, in which a well-chosen cast, including combine in some admirable fooling

Much More than Mere Spectacle in Ivor Novello's Musical Melodrama: Modern London and Victorian London Contrasted in the Palladium's Latest Show : William Walton Acclaimed as Elgar's Successor

By PHILIP PAGE

Mr. Novello's music is first-rate of its kind, and occasionally verges on a better kind. Some of his broader themes have an Elgarian touch about them, without being in any sense a plagiarism. I shall not be surprised to find Mr. Novello using *nobilmente* as an expression mark, if, indeed, he does not do so already.

Mr. Novello plays the duke with a good, easy touch, with the necessary moments of passionate sincerity. He doubles the part with that of a certain villainous and ill-looking Otto, who caused the railway accident—quite a neat bit of versatility. Throughout the long first act I was, not having looked at my programme, most mightily deceived. Why, by the way, was that act made to last a couple of hours—longer than the first act of *Parsifal*? Why is it ordained, apparently, that all big-scale revues and musical pieces must never have more than one interval?

Miss Dorothy Dickson has developed her sense of comedy and dances with all her old grace—a delightful performance. Miss Marie Löhr was at her best as a goodnatured, amusing duchess, and Miss Minnie Rayner found fun at the other end of the social scale. The ghosts of Mr. Novello's (i.e., the duke's) ancestors appeared in one of the most thrilling episodes ever seen on that historic stage—so effective that I seemed to see other ghosts of Drury Lane—Arthur Collins, Dickie Lindo, Joe Meyer — nodding approval.

The entertainment, every moment of which I enjoyed, concluded with a scene in which the whole strength of the company did positively appear. This was a deliciously Dickensian affair, except that Dingley Dell was exchanged for the local mansion, Gantry, in whose great hall tenants, servants, the local parson, and aristocratic members of the house-party assembled round a Christmas tree to cheer Duke Ivor and Duchess Dorothy. I had always thought a Gantry was either a sort of hoarding or an American writer. It seems that it is something far more decorative.

"London Rhapsody."—The new revue at the London Palladium is a real revue and not some variety turns strung together with no relation to each other or to anything else. Modern London and the London of Queen Victoria's days are depicted and compared, without bias. That is wise. Veterans and the rather past middle-aged will, of course, prefer the London of Arthur Roberts, and hansom cabs, and soldiers with pill-box hats, and pubs open till goodness-knows-what hour, partly because they remember it and will revel in sentimental memories, and partly because the youthful blood ran hot in their veins and their capacity for enjoyment was greater. Those who know only modern London, and like it, absence of liberty and all, will realise that here a good case has been made for the mighty metropolis of traffic blocks and time-gentlemen-please. Mr. George Black, who obviously has a flair for revue and is a great showman, has seen to it that everything is "done decently and in order."

tells Lottie (Jeanne Stuart) he has activities are under observation. that boisterous show at the Strand Robertson Hare and Alfred Drayton, miniscent of the old "Aldwych Nights"

THE MIXTURE AS BEFORE AT DRURY LANE: Dorothy Dickson as the cockney "extra" and Ivor Novello as the "star" in Mr. Novello's latest breathtaking production, *Crest of the Wave*, which like all his romantic musical shows is packed with colourful and spectacular episodes. It is reviewed this week by Philip Page

At one moment the more familiar title of "Hungarian Rhapsody" seemed appropriate; for the Gipsy Boys' Band from Budapest played with immense vigour and made the welkin ring—if there is such a thing as a welkin at the Palladium. Yet they had their place in the scheme of things, no less appropriate a place than Epsom Downs on Derby Day, that most gloriously cockney of festivals.

I liked Nervo and Knox—I always like Nervo and Knox—as sentries at Whitehall. Here they seemed in a much more restrained mood than usual and were far the funnier on that account. Silently they have to endure the insults or the neglect of passers-by, the bitterest pill being when they are asked by L.C.C. workmen to help mend a drain. The other members of the Crazy Gang are in equally good form—Flanagan and Allen and Naughton and Gold—and while refusing to be overawed by the greater dignity and order of their surroundings yet fit into the new scheme of things perfectly.

And then there is Harry Champion, a veteran but a vigorous one, the same Harry Champion who used to sing about food, marking time the while, in precisely that vanished London I have described above. Mr. Champion has lived to be in a revue with Cleopatra, Catherine the Great of Russia, and Nell Gwyn, and to remain vocal and unabashed. I found more recent history more intriguing—particularly the glimpses of vanished musical comedies, and echoes of the melodies of the late Leslie Stuart, of the Old Kent Road, and of scenes in a music-hall of pre-Palladium days.

"Turns," of course, there must be, even in a revue as historically ambitious as *London Rhapsody*. One Cardini deals, and deals with, not cards alone, but lighted cigarettes—a most dexterous and seemingly dangerous display. The Ganjou Brothers dance brilliantly in their own particular way, and the Wiere Brothers dance equally brilliantly in *their* own particular way. But *London Rhapsody* is all very brilliant and should be approved of even by the most particular.

GEORGE RAFT AND GARY COOPER TEAM TOGETHER WITH GOOD EFFECT in Paramount's new picture, *Souls at Sea*, which recently began its London run at the Plaza. Cooper is now rated very near the top as a box-office draw, thanks to his unbroken series of successes in such films as *The Plainsman*, *Mr. Deeds*, *Desire*, and *The General Dies at Dawn*. His next appearance will be with Claudette Colbert, the winner of the American Academy's award in 1934, in the comedy *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife*

British Music at the "Proms."—Although Elgar is the only British composer to be given an evening all to himself at the "Proms," Mr. William Walton, who is being for some inscrutable reason acclaimed as Elgar's successor (I can find few, if any, points of contact in their styles) is having rather more than what may be called a "look-in." He has conducted his own Coronation March this season and the other night his Viola Concerto was played.

The composer did not conduct but he was in the audience and I had a word with him after the performance. And a very fine performance it was on the part of the soloist, Mr. William Primrose, who will be another Lionel Tertis.

The concerto was written in 1929, and is a good example of early-Walton, the second movement being the most characteristic. It is an altogether pleasing mixture of vivacity and quiet beauty.

Sir Henry Wood later secured a good performance of the first symphony of Sibelius, who is having several evenings at the "Proms" wholly devoted to his music.

"THEY'RE MAD ABOUT THE BOY": Robert (Public Heartthrob No. 1) Taylor, most besieged film star since the days of Valentino, pictured on the balcony of his hotel in Paris where he went for a short stay following his eventful trip to London. He is to make a film for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer at Denham studios

SLAVE-RAIDING AND SLAVE-HOLDING

Still Persist in the Modern World, Continuing to Defy European Efforts to Bring About Abolition

THE SLAVER'S DHOW still plies the seas of the Near East, often outwitting successfully the examination vessels that day and night are on the watch for them and their human cargoes

By LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR GEORGE MACMUNN, K.C.B.

WITH the conquest of Abyssinia by Italy, many people would think that the last stronghold of slavery had fallen, and that whatever they may feel about the rights and wrongs of that acquisition they rejoice that slavery bids fair to be at an end in this world of what was meant to be Peace and Goodwill. They would however be wrong, even granting that Italy is able to stop the hereditary raiders, and their smuggling, and effectively liberate all slaves. They should in time it is true stop the slave raiding and protect their own aboriginals and the unfortunate Sudanese on their frontier, from those raids which have so vexed our frontier officers in the Sudan. They will gradually be able also to stop all the accursed raiding of villages, and the cruel caravans that until a year ago were still a feature. The chasing of slave-raiders and dealers from aeroplanes is in itself an excellent method of letting folk know that you will not have it, and is to be highly recommended elsewhere. The Emperor Haile Selassie was genuinely anxious to prevent slave-raiding and slave-holding, but knew perfectly well that his writ did not run far enough, and that slave-holding was an ingrained habit that he could not eradicate, and knew also that too persistent a promulgation of anti-slavery edicts would cost him his throne. You cannot work too far in advance of your people! And because it was so, and it could not be helped, Britain would not recommend the admission of Ethiopia to the League of Nations, and as we know, it was France and Italy who did.

However, that is all ancient history, and we may hope that Italy will be able to eradicate the evil, and at any rate stop all raiding, that is to say the making of new slaves. Slave-making and slave-holding are two entirely separate matters. Slave-holding countries whether it be Arabia to-day or the United States prior to the end of the civil war in 1865, did not and would not free the slave womb. A slave-mother produces a slave-child the property of the owner in the United States then, and now in Arabia.

But all over the world slave-holding still goes on in some especial degree and form or other, despite the zeal and activity of the Anti-Slavery Societies more particularly our own, and despite the much stronger machine the League of Nations. The story of slavery in the last 150 years is the story of Britain striving in the face of fierce opposition for several generations, and in the face of apathy in modern times, to persuade the world that slavery is not only an offence against God and man but also extremely poor economy. Even the extensive breeding for sale in Virginia, and one or two other States, was uneconomic if put on a costing basis, as it is in Arabia to this day. The womb of the freed slave woman working with her husband as wage earner, is much more prolific than when deliberately put to the stud, as even Frederick William of Prussia found when he tried to breed grenadiers. Until the League of Nations came into being, there was no satisfactory or practical machine for bringing civilisation and public opinion together for any of the evils of the world. However much the League may fail to prevent the real evils of war, and indeed as yet has done little but accentuate them, it is the secondary evils, of slave-trade and slavery, the white slave trade, and the drug and infectious disease evils that it really does tackle, that would alone make it "worth the money."

To its eternal credit, and the credit of all those who prompted it, the Versailles Conference in 1919 succeeded in getting practically all present to sign a convention pledging themselves to endeavour to secure the complete suppression of slavery in all its forms. Following on that, as soon as the League got properly going it set to work to put the whole matter in business form. By 1926 a Convention was accepted by representatives of the more important members and ratified by many more, while the League itself appointed a Committee of Experts to study the reports which the signatory States agreed to present. That Committee which meets normally every two years, and oftener when need be, has presented four reports. Very remarkable documents these are as showing to humanity what an extraordinarily large number of slaves still exists. Apart from the ruthless slave-factory of Abyssinia there are still nests and pockets away in parts of Central Africa where women and children are kidnapped and smuggled right across Africa for surreptitious shipping across the Red Sea to the slave market of Arabia, or for internal use. It is estimated that in Arabia there are at least 1,500,000 slaves, mostly blacks from the Sudan and Abyssinia. In China there are perhaps 2,000,000 girl slaves known to Europeans as *Mui Tzai* which means literally little sister, but for which the Chinese use the more accurate name of *Pei Nu* or "slave" without any euphuism. The *Mui Tzai* system has long come in for criticism in Hong Kong and Singapore where it has flourished among the Chinese, and which the Governments have been trying to regulate and eventually eliminate. The system means that wherever the Chinese are in the East they buy girls, nominally for adoption, but in reality for domestic and concubinage slavery. In China there are believed to be as many as 2,000,000. They are sold by the poor and overburdened families—for in China children come easily enough—and are to be seen being carried away for sale often in long caravans. Nanking has at last decided to forbid the system, but with her new troubles such prohibitions are not likely to become effective yet awhile. That the system was once benevolent, and the fact that some masters and mistresses may treat girl slaves kindly, had in the past blinded opinion to the fact that very vast numbers are extremely cruelly beaten and bullied. The victims have in the past had no sort of chance to appeal for protection, and absconders have been returned by the law. In the British colonies all *Mui Tzai* must now be registered and available to inspectors who are generally European ladies specially appointed. Homes for freed *Mui Tzai* have been instituted, and refuges for runaways and petitioners pending jurisdiction. This all means that in time *Mui Tzai* at any rate as far as actual treatment goes, will be far better off. But the whole system is of course wrong from start to finish, save, and it *is* a big point, that in lands where children are spawned, death from neglect would otherwise have probably been their portion.

The *Mui Tzai* system has this one advantage that, save perhaps in times of great upheaval and unmitigated brigandage, raids and burning villages are not the basis of acquisition, but rather the poor, overburdened, or avaricious parents.

In Arabia, the real home of slavery to-day, slaves are openly bought and sold, the slave markets for women of beauty being specially conducted and developed. A recent edict of Ibn Saoud, king of Saudi Arabia, forbids the importation of slaves by sea, and even by land, unless it is proved that the importee is already a slave. Such conditions, however, need an efficient frontier and coast patrol to be effective, and slaves that have been such for long are quite prepared themselves to assist in their smuggling, by assuming disguises, and so forth. They know no other means of existence. Slavery in Arabia is often benevolent enough save when slaves are recalcitrant. Muslims are enjoined to free their slaves but many do so only when they are past work. It often happens that pilgrims to Mecca bring slaves with them, as servants, and if short of cash sell them in Arabia. The actual slave trade and smuggling, if much less than formerly, is still as highly organised and carefully market-studied as any other trade.

The protagonists of anti-slavery are anxious to see the slave-womb freed in Arabia, but the desert is hard to curb, and Ibn Saoud like Haile Selassie can not go further or faster than his writ will run. The patriarchal life of the Beduin makes slave-holding on a large scale attractive to the owners,

(Continued on page 436)

CAUGHT RED-HANDED: The mixed crew of an Arab slave dhow, operating on the Dasht-I-Stan coast of the Persian Gulf, under armed guard aboard a British examination vessel

AUTUMN WINNERS

Fashion Insists on Suits for all Occasions. Neat or Elaborate they are Starred in Every Collection

For those weeks—often so long drawn out and lovely—before the winter comes there is nothing to equal the practicability and the comfort of a well-tailored suit. Even when it is not high fashion it is a joy. This year it is an absolute necessity.

Look at the suit on the far right. Notice its standing collar, cut in one with the yoke. Mark well the bright scarf tucked in at the neck, and the imposing officers' pockets. It is made in grey tweed, with a slender skirt, and it is complemented by the coat worn by the second girl. This is made in the same grey tweed, with a shaded lamb collar and inset panels at the back narrowed off at the waist. This three-piece outfit comes from Waring and Gillow, of 164, Oxford Street, W., and costs 9½ guineas

Lots of the newest suits are trimmed with fur, often used as intricately as a soft material. Immediately above is a suit in a nigger brown fancy velour. A discreet pleat at the side of the skirt makes walking easy, and the slight fulness at the top of the sleeves emphasises the narrow waist, with its neat leather belt. But it is the pockets that give it such a dashing air. They are of fine quality coney, dyed to match the fabric. This is another suit from Waring's. It costs 6½ guineas, and is made in several colours

The classic suit is back again—not merely accepted, but made much of—and its welcome is assured because it flatters nearly every woman. You can see an excellent version of it on the right. Made in a subtle sunset pink, in green, or navy, or African blue tweed, the jacket and the hem of the skirt are bordered with rows of close stitching. Double breasted, with well-defined waist and shoulders, the coat has slanting pockets, and the skirt has a deep inverted pleat at the back and front. It costs 5 guineas at Waring's

HE SHOCKED JAPAN: Viscount Hindemayo Konoye (right), brother of Japan's Premier, in conversation with Michio Ito, the ballet master, at a rehearsal at Hollywood Bowl, California, for a production in which the former was to conduct the orchestra. Viscount Konoye caused a stir in his own country a few years ago when he declared his intention of devoting all his time to music

PROBLEM PICTURE: Mr. Summer Welles (right), the United States Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, greeted by Mr. William Bullitt, the American Ambassador in Paris, on his arrival at St. Lazare station. The former had come over to discuss the situation in China

THE NEW LORD ROTHSCHILD: Twenty-six year old Nathaniel Mayer Victor Rothschild, who has succeeded to the barony on the death of his uncle, pictured with his wife, a daughter of Mr. St. John Hutchinson, K.C.

WHILE THEIR FELLOW COUNTRYMEN WAGED WAR the Rev. Tingfang Lew (left), of the North China Congregational Church, and Bishop Sasaki (right), of Japan, chatted amicably enough in the company of Bishop Asariah, who hails from India, at the Edinburgh Conference on Faith and Order—a gathering attended by Christian delegates from many parts of the world

The WORLD of BOOKS

Francis Brett Young Takes Us from the Peace of the Worcestershire Countryside to the Upheavals of Pioneering Days in South Africa

By VERNON FANE

THE Worcestershire of 100 years ago was a calm enough place and, for its landed gentry, a very pleasant place. For the labourers existing on little better than starvation wages and the unhappy man who might be found poaching to keep his family in food, it could be a bleak and even cruel place.

Mr. Francis Brett Young's new novel, **THEY SEEK A COUNTRY** (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.), opens peaceably enough in that Worcestershire, and finds its own pace in adventure, romance, and the history of the early South African settlers. John Oakley, a young English workman with enough self-education to mark him as a Radical, lives with his uncle in a hut on one of the big country estates. He is arrested for poaching, tried at the Assizes, and sentenced to transportation for life. In the convict ship on its way to Botany Bay, Oakley suffers with the rest most horrible indignities and torture, but manages to escape as the ship is taking on water off the South African coast. From then on the story changes. Now Oakley's life becomes a thread in the pattern of the new South Africa. The Boer settlers, the Zulu tribes, the passionate courage of the early pioneers, the treachery that, time after time, brought them back to the beginnings of their work, all these form a part of the fabric of a very fine romantic novel.

Mr. Brett Young is accustomed to writing at some length. He has that in common with authors of newer vintage, but unlike many of them, there is a reason for each of his sentences, his style is distinguished, his matter never diffuse. In other words Mr. Brett Young can write. His story-telling has dignity where his contemporaries have only prolixity and a tedious, unnecessary piling up of details and incident. There are so few people of this author's calibre who can tell a first-rate story without resorting to the naïveté of the boys' adventure book that one should hail his work, and particularly this example of it, with delight. Incidentally *They Seek a Country* should prove once and for all that there is no one like an Englishman for producing the romantic novel on the grand scale.

SHE KNOWS HER SUBJECT: Ann Stafford, who is a keen pilot, has made a flying club the setting for a large part of her new novel, *Pelican Without Piety*, and, by drawing on her experiences, has succeeded in producing a thoroughly readable and enjoyable work. Messrs. Collins are the publishers

THE ANOINTED (Arthur Barker. 7s. 6d.) is an American novel which has had a certain amount of success in its own country. It deals with a young man who travels the world with a questing mind, trying to work out for himself the mystery of the universe. That is, one would think, a pretty tall order and might take up the time of a most profound and brilliant philosopher.

Harry Patterson was certainly not that, though he had an elementary philosophy of his own, which is best explained in his own words, "There is more system to the world than you would think, unless you have a lot of education, or unless you are like me and notice everything." He was more than anything a determined young man, prone to spend his leisure in resolving problems of infinite complexity. He wanted to know, as the publishers obligingly but not very precisely point out, "the ultimate reason for things." He must in his day have been a crashing bore.

However, he gained friends in the course of his pilgrimage, notably an English sailor who was "always belly-aching about something, but did it in an interesting sort of way."

The language Mr. Clyde Brion Davis uses for his hero's account of his exploits has the monosyllabic simplicity that is becoming commonplace for a certain kind of novel. In this case Mr. Davis manages to give it piquancy by using it to express philosophic theories. The young man's ingenuous translation of these theories is the most engaging thing about the story. This is how he dismisses Spinoza, "I guess Spinoza had enough education and was maybe brave enough to go out of the harbour where the navy captain was afraid to go, but his head was so muddled up with big words that he couldn't plot a course, and he ran round and round in the black tide rips like a ship with its steering machinery gone crazy, shipping water at every turn, and spouting jawbreaking words like sky rockets."

Unsophisticated stuff for all its toughness, but mildly interesting.

I must say that before reading a word of the **CRUISE OF THE CONRAD** (Hodder and Stoughton. 20s.) I looked at every one of the photographs with which it is illustrated. Many of these are quite remarkable, some of them lovely, some of them exciting, and all taken by the author, Mr. Alan Villiers, who was the master of the 200-ton sailing ship, the real heroine of his book. Mr. Villiers had an ambition to sail around the world and in 1934 he set off on a three-year voyage in an old Danish ship which he had rechristened and refitted. His crew of twenty-two was a young one, Mr. Villiers being only thirty-two and most of the others between fifteen and twenty.

The object of the voyage was neither exploration nor commerce. Mr. Villiers likes the sea, and he regards sailing boats as the best way of enjoying it, the best way, in fact, of learning to know it. His course took him from Copenhagen to England, to New York, Cape Town, and from there to the East. The Panama Canal was too easy for him, so he took his ship right round Cape Horn, the greatest test for a ship of any class. The *Conrad* came through the ordeal magnificently and three months later arrived at New York where she was sold.

"I'll do no stunts and have no ballyhoo," declared Mr. Villiers before he set sail from Copenhagen. This book is the faithful record of a great voyage which needs no ballyhoo to improve it.

When Mr. Arthur Mills decided to write **FRENCH GIRL** (Collins. 6s.) he must already have had the end of his story in view. It is of a young Englishman in Paris, and a decent and clean living Englishman, rather in the sahib tradition, at that. Paris, *la Ville Lumière*, was to be presented at its most seductive, too potent a siren for any public school boy to resist. This is in fact a tale with a moral and as such ought to be refreshingly different. It is different but hardly refreshing.

When young Tony stops in Paris on his way back from India on leave, for he is one of the interesting army type who, faithful to the traditions of the 'nineties has implicit faith in Paris as a really "hot spot," he falls immediately into the wrong hands. The hands belong to an improbable cosmopolitan with whom Tony was at school. That being inevitably a bond Ivor undertakes Tony's entertainment. The entertainment leads to a *tête-à-tête* with a French girl with slanting eyes. That *tête-à-tête* lasts some months during which Tony leaves the army, settles in Paris, and goes to what was known in my young days as "the dogs." To Mr. Mills this process seems inalienable from the process of living in Paris at all. Late night follows late night, meal times grow more casual and drink times more necessary, until Tony, tired even of the little French lady of the hospitable nature, is left alone, a moral and physical wreck later to be re-generated in the best Charlotte M. Yonge manner.

If you are a Francophile you may think this little novel rather heavy handed, otherwise you should enjoy it despite its limitations.

ASIAN ADVENTURER: Sir Eric Teichman, K.C.M.G., C.I.E., standing beside one of the lorries in which he made part of his remarkable journey in 1935 from Peiping to Chinese Turkestan on a special mission from the British Embassy in China, afterwards crossing the Pamirs and the Himalayas and entering the plains of India. He describes his experiences in his latest book, which has just been published by Hodder and Stoughton under the title of *Journey to Turkestan*

This England . . .

Salcombe, Devon

ANNO DOMINI 1204 was notable, amongst divers other matters, for the payment of 5000 marks by the inhabitants of Devon, that their county might be disafforested. And that, good masters, is about the last great change that took place in this delectable land. For change comes to this England only where it must; whether we change forest for grazing, or grass for a forest of steel, the good things remain. How else, look you, would a man be refreshed of his labours—in fields of stone or in cloverley—had he not his Worthington, an ale-brew as old and fine as the breed of Devon cattle . . . that blow so softly at you in those lovely sunken lanes.

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DENOTING THE HUMP: A rare sign on the main Merthyr road at Nantddu, Brecon, Brecknockshire

MANUFACTURERS' PROGRAMMES FOR 1938

New Models and New Ideas to be Featured in the Coming Year

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E. (*Clerk of the Course, Brooklands*)

STILL they come. Car manufacturers continue to announce their programmes for 1938 and it is interesting to note that quite a large proportion are carrying on their present models for the new season. I have always said and continue to say, that to make changes just in order to have something new to talk about at the end of each twelve months is definitely a bad policy. The Alvis programme has as its motto "change not for the sake of changing but for the sake of progress." These are not just idle words because the Alvis Company has consistently carried out the policy indicated. They introduce a new Silver Crest series, the two models being the 16.95 h.p. and the 20 h p. This new range possesses all the characteristics associated with the name "Alvis" and the cars should appeal to those discriminating motorists who desire a quality car at a medium price. Actually, the 16.95-h.p. Silver Crest is the well-known 17-h.p. Alvis which was introduced last year. A maximum speed of 75 m.p.h. is claimed and from what I know of Alvis cars I should not be surprised if that figure were under-stated. The 20-h.p. Silver Crest is an entirely new car. Great attention has been paid to the question of acceleration, because in these days as the makers rightly point out it is more important than flat-out speed.

All the same, this new Alvis is stated to be able to exceed 80 m.p.h., so it looks as if the motorist who wants to travel quickly from point to point will be able to satisfy his desires with one of these new cars. In order to possess speed the docility of the car has not been sacrificed, for the makers claim that on top gear the car will go along quite pleasantly at 4 m.p.h. The well-known Speed Twenty-five is continued without any major alterations or additions. This car has been exceedingly popular during 1937, and the makers have found it very difficult to better its performance. Lighter control of the brakes has been effected by the addition of a vacuum servo motor, and a new and improved form of shock absorber has been fitted to give a greater range of control to the springing. The 20-h.p. and 25-h.p. Crested Eagle saloons and limousines are being continued unchanged except for the modifications which I have detailed in the case of the Speed Twenty-five. The biggest car in the Alvis range is the 4·3-litre, and this will be continued throughout 1938 in its present form. No modification whatever has been considered necessary, a fact which in itself proclaims that a point very close to perfection has been reached, because the Alvis engineers are so proud of their reputation that if any improvement could be added they would not refrain from doing so. The prices of the various cars have been slightly increased, as the cost of raw and manufactured material used in the building of the cars has shown a considerable increase of recent months.

Vauxhall Motors have announced that their present 12-h.p. and 14-h.p. models are being continued in their present form for the next season. No change, whatsoever, is to be found in the specification, but a new body model, the 12-h.p. Saloon at £215 is announced. This replaces the 12-h.p. Standard and de Luxe saloons. It possesses the usual highly satisfactory Vauxhall features, such as sliding-roof, no-draught ventilation, and independent front-wheel springing. Prior to last year's Motor Show, the Vauxhall Company reduced the price of these 12-h.p. and 14-h.p. models by £10. Unfortunately, they are experiencing the same rise of prices in raw materials as has been the case with other manufacturers, with the result that the prices of all these models with Vauxhall coachwork are now increased by £10. In the case of models with bodywork by outside coachbuilders, the increase in price is slightly greater. The particulars of other Vauxhall models will be published later on.

The M.G. Car Company is continuing its present programme for the new season without any alterations. The present range is the M.G. Midget, Series T, the 1½-litre and the 2-litre models. Sales during the past twelve months have constituted a record both in the home and overseas markets, and so the popularity of the present models makes it possible, in spite of the increased costs of raw materials, to continue to offer these cars to the public without increasing prices. In certain cases, however, where specialised coachwork, not of M.G. manufacture, is fitted the price has gone up. Like Morris, M.G.s have always been advocates of the no-change policy and in this connection it is interesting to remember that the present M.G. Midget has remained

(*Continued on page 434*)

IN RUGGED CARNARVON: The new Daimler Fifteen Sports Saloon, which will be featured at the forthcoming Motor Show, in a delightful setting in the Llanberis Pass

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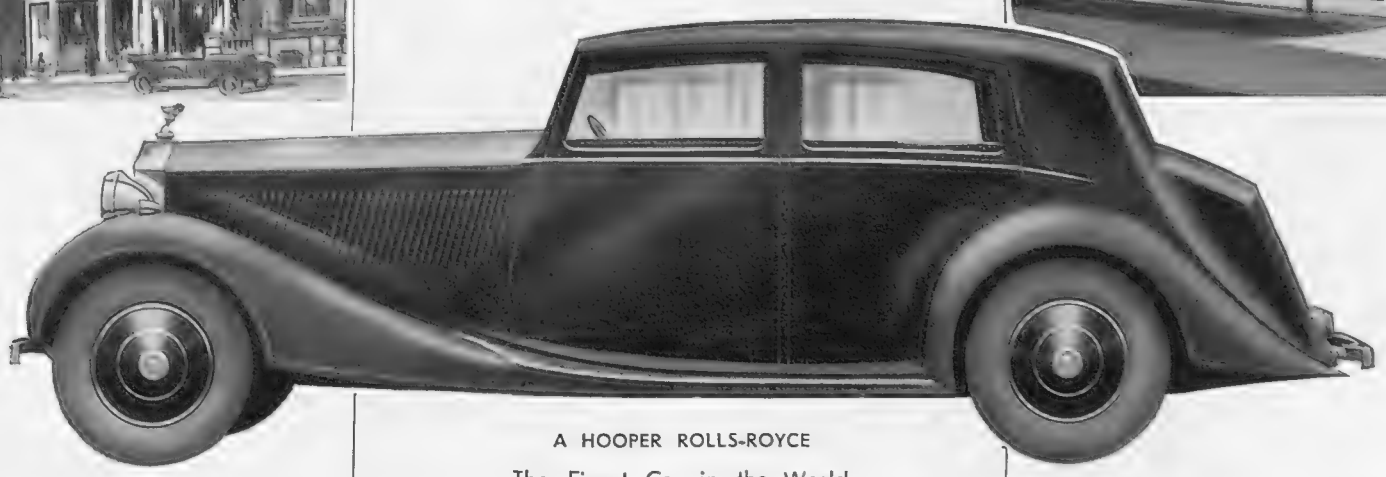

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Kennington Service

GO SOUTH this year

"The use of travelling is to regulate imagination by reality and, instead of thinking how things may be, to see them as they are."
JOHNSON

Why not follow Dr. Johnson's precept this year? Break away from the conventional: adventure forth to visit new scenes, to see things as they are.

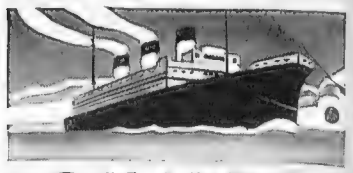
The fascination of bringing into the orbit of reality place names and scenes so vividly described in Rider Haggard's "King Solomon's Mines": the thrill of following in the footsteps of Livingstone and other famous explorers—these are memories that endure.

Africa presents a variety of new experiences to her guests. At one end of the scale there are the Greatest River Wonder and the largest Wild Life Sanctuary in existence; at the other, modern cities and delightful health resorts where the tempo of life is planned for rest, recuperation and amusement. Over all the sun spreads his genial influence, brightening each and every day throughout the year with eight or nine hours of glorious sunshine.

Full information and descriptive brochures about this Dominion can be obtained from the Director, Publicity and Travel Bureau, South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2, or the principal Tourist Agencies.

SOUTH AFRICA

BANISH



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Orders with remittance should be sent to (Dept. R.9) London Electrotype Agency Ltd., 23-24, Fetter Lane, E.C.4, where models can be seen.

NOTES FROM NEAR AND FAR

Norfolk and Suffolk, Two Unspoilt English Counties that Deserve to be Visited by the Discriminating Traveller—Autumn, the Ideal Time in Canada and the Irish Free State

EAST Anglia.—I have lately again been dipping into the late Dr. M. R. James' delightful *Suffolk and Norfolk*. In this book the reader is taken on a perambulation of East Anglia and has the benefit of the author's knowledge of the district acquired over a period of fifty years. It is curious that these two counties, less touched than any others in England by industrial development, should not be visited more by the discriminating traveller. The great wealth of this countryside in the Middle Ages has left a legacy of remarkable churches, monastic remains, and beautiful secular buildings. The shrine of Our Lady of Walsingham was, for one, second only in importance to that of St. Thomas at Canterbury; at Bury St. Edmunds there are the remains of the huge abbey which Henry VIII's Commissioners found so "cumbrous to deface," and Castle Acre has one of the finest Norman gateways in England. Of churches those of West Suffolk are peerless, and the names of some of the great houses, Oxburgh and Blickling, Melford Hall and Holkham, conjure up visions of Tudor, Jacobean, and eighteenth-century magnificence. Early autumn is a pleasant season in Norfolk and Suffolk and a tour of these counties is not the least agreeable way of spending a holiday at this time of year.

Fall on the St. Lawrence.—It is alone worth crossing the Atlantic to see the flame of the maples along the banks of the St. Lawrence as you steam up it to Quebec. Canada in autumn is at her most splendid, and the speed of modern liners makes a trip for people having a limited holiday a feasible proposition. At Quebec you will enjoy the French atmosphere and admire one of the most notable cities of the new world where Wolfe, on the Heights of Abraham, made the hold of the British in Canada secure. Quebec is an excellent centre for excursions, or, moving up to Montreal, you may from there go to see the Thousand Isles or explore the Gaspé River by the new motor road opened last year. Then there are the Laurentian Mountains, where you will still find wild Canada complete with bears, porcupines, and chipmunks. Canada's weather is at its best in autumn.

Southern Ireland.—This is a busy time of year for the children who live on the sides of Irish lakes when daddylonglegs are in constant demand by those who would go dapping. But fishing is not the only attraction about Ireland in autumn. It is par excellence the country for the dilatory-minded kind among motorists, and whether you go from Rosslare to Cashel or by Limerick to Killarney you will not be disappointed of lovely scenery and a good welcome from the country people. In Dublin the peak of the season is past with the Horse Show in August, but at any time the capital is a fascinating town with its great wealth of noble eighteenth-century buildings and an atmosphere peculiar to itself, squalid tenements neighbouring the town houses, once inhabited by Irish landlords in the days of their prosperity.

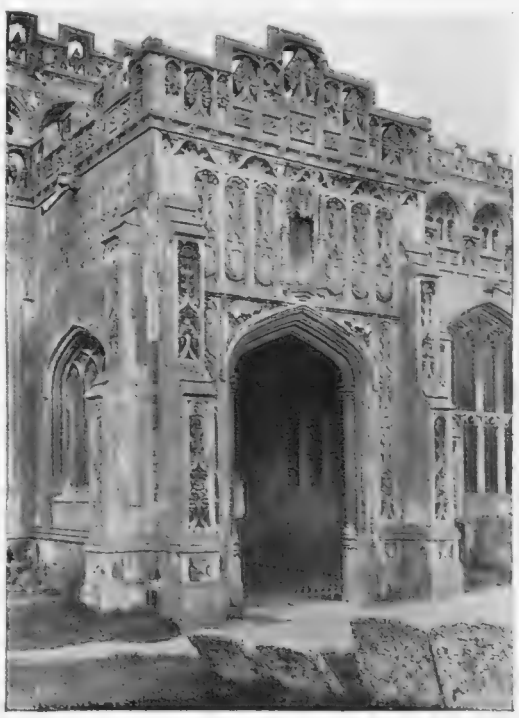
To West Africa and South America by Air.—It is yet early to forecast the possibilities of travel which are opened by the announcement of the Government subsidy to Imperial Airways for the development of air routes to West Africa and ultimately to South America. But the initiation of this service is a development which will be watched with keen interest by the travelling public, whose attention has already this summer been focused on the progress of the survey flights by Imperial and Pan-American Airways across the North Atlantic.

AN EAST ANGLIAN PLACE OF PILGRIMAGE: Remains of the Refectory at Walsingham Abbey where once the devout flocked from all parts of Europe. Even to-day pilgrims visit the shrine, some trekking there on foot

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

The following is a selection from recent replies sent to readers who have addressed queries to "The Sphere" Travel Bureau. Every letter is answered individually, and we publish these particular examples as being of interest to prospective travellers generally.

Hotels in Italy.—Hotels in Italy are not run upon quite the same system as in Germany, but in Rome we can warmly recommend the Bologna, which has bed and breakfast only, and just two minutes away is an excellent little restaurant with good and inexpensive food. In Venice we recommend the Hotel Cavalletto where you could arrange for bed and breakfast only. As you will see, the Trieste is similar to the Bologna but we do not know the hotel personally. In Naples we suggest the Centrale and in Florence the Corona d' Italia. A considerable saving is effected by the use of travel cheques and these may be obtained from English-Transcontinental Ltd. of 5b, Pall Mall, S.W.1 if you have any difficulty in purchasing them locally. There are considerable reductions in the train fares in Italy and a circular ticket will be very useful to you. We enclose some literature which we trust will be of assistance to you together with hotel lists. As you will observe, these cover the provinces.



THE SOUTH PORCH OF LAVENHAM CHURCH: One of many fine examples of ecclesiastical architecture to be found in Suffolk, a part of England that deserves to be more widely visited

Mentone and Davos.—We hardly like to recommend a place to you for the winter without knowing exactly what your doctor prescribes. If you can let us know this we shall be very pleased to tell you about places which would suit your requirements. Meantime however, we enclose some literature which may interest you; probably Mentone would suit you as it has the mildest climate on the French Riviera and is sheltered from the mistral by a semi-circle of mountains—the Garavan quarter on the East Bay is more sheltered than the West Bay. If the sea air is not good for you we suggest Davos in Switzerland (6,000 ft.).

St. Briac.—We certainly think that you would prefer St. Briac to the other places you mention as it is much prettier and a good centre for walks and excursions. You could stay at the Britannia Hotel, double room with pension, 50 to 80 francs per day, or at the Plage de la Mer, 56 to 70 francs per day. Both have running water in all the rooms. You would probably have to pay 15 per cent. service tax and a small taxe de séjour; on the other hand you might be able to obtain special terms for your little girl, thus reducing the above-mentioned tariffs (which are for two people). This is well within the figure you mention and would leave a good margin for extras.

Austria and Bavaria.—We think that you would like Domhotel Royal in the Singerstrasse in Vienna. There are 100 rooms, and the charge for room and full pension is 15 to 22 schillings per day. This is a very comfortable first-class hotel. You cannot do better than stay at the Königsbad at Mondsee, and the en pension terms are about 10 schillings per day. We enclose some literature on Mondsee. - In Innsbruck we recommend the Arlbergerhof, which is 100 yards from the station. In Munich the Grand Hotel Grünwald is the only one near the station which we can recommend; it is not very small, but is comfortable, and charges 11 reg. marks per day with full pension.

Corsica.—We enclose a booklet on Corsica and a list of steamer connections. The best bathing is at Calvi or the Rousse, the former being the more fashionable place. If you want quiet we recommend the Rousse. It is wise to stay at the best hotels and you will not find these expensive. At Calvi the Hôtel de Ville is most comfortable and at the Rousse the Napoleon Bonaparte has 150 rooms all with running water and the terms for room and full pension are from 55–95 francs per day. A smaller hotel is the Splendid with fifty rooms, full pension being 35–40 francs per day.

Iceland.—Our article on Iceland did in fact refer to the passenger services and not to cargo boats. On making inquiries, however, we find that the Iceland Steamship Company do carry passengers on their cargo boats. We may also perhaps suggest another cargo boat route which would take you to Iceland. You should get into touch with the company's agents, Messrs. McGregor, Gow and Holland, Ltd., of 20, Billiter Street, E.C. 3.

Canadian News Bureau

CROWNING QUEBEC'S HEIGHTS: The Château Frontenac, the big C.P.R. hotel that is such a notable landmark for travellers on the waters of the St. Lawrence. Many tourists go to Canada in autumn

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Inquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," Illustrated House, 32-34, St. Bride St., E.C.4, will be promptly answered

THE VALE OF SHANGANAGH, lying on the coast of Co. Dublin, typifies the glory of the Irish landscape which now, as summer slowly turns to autumn, has a loveliness beyond compare

'Yes . . . they're still at the GRANVILLE'

● When that is said of an English seaside hotel in the late season you may be sure that the service and cooking are out of the ordinary. Such is true of the Granville at Bexhill, whose visitors enjoy also a mild climate and facilities for golf on three well-known courses. Phone No. 1437.

GRANVILLE HOTEL Bexhill

Terms for Winter Reduced 50%

Yet in *no way* do we reduce our standards as regards comfort . . and cuisine. Here at the

HOTEL RIPOSO
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you will find a cheerful, homely atmosphere. Running water, central heating and telephone in every bedroom. And Bexhill itself a charming sunny winter resort. Inclusive terms 3 to 5 gns. a week according to room. For details of accommodation available write or telephone 472 to Bray Associated Hotels Ltd. Chairman R. J. Bray.

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QUIET AND QUALITY . . . Quiet in its atmosphere — exclusive, yet welcoming. Quiet in its situation—secluded, yet accessible on the crest of the cliff with magnificent views of Studland Bay. Quality in its cuisine, its cellars, and its comforts. Golf on the famous Parkstone course adjacent, or on five others close by, and a choice of restful Private Suites and Bedrooms await those who value . . . Quiet and Quality. Private Beach, Tennis, Lift, Garage for 40 cars. S. Whiston, Manager, will deal personally with your enquiries.

Telephone: CANFORD CLIFFS 797-8.
*Telegrams: "Salubritas, **Bournemouth.**"*

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Facing the Sea. Dancing. | Suites with Bath, Toilet, etc. Billiards. | Hard Tennis Courts. Large Motor Garage.

'Phone: Cromer 24 | Apply Proprietor | *'Grams: "Grand, Cromer."*

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Pine-scented air to keep you free from winter ailments and to aid sleep a comfortable bed. A winter headquarters in delightful country with crackling fires in the lounges and central heating in every single room of the house. London and the coast within easy reach; golf and plenty of amusement near by. Tempting menus, tempting inclusive terms . . . at an hotel and a home.

THE CREST HOTEL
CROWBOROUGH
"A wee bit of Scotland in Sussex"

Write for tariff to A. Eglinton Adams, Resident Proprietor, late of the Royal British Hotel, Edinburgh

In the lee of the Leas . . . in the smile of the sun. In fact a first-class situation for an Autumn holiday or Winter residence

PRINCES HOTEL, FOLKESTONE

The essential details. Rooms with private bath or suites. Lift to all floors. Central heating, Cocktail Lounge, softened water. Tennis, Squash and Badminton Courts adjoining. Golf Links, 10 minutes' walk. Our cooking? Well, sampling is the only proof. Your comfort is under the personal direction of the resident proprietors. 'Phone: Folkestone 2666

. . . and now the Red House

comfortably within reach of London, comfortably out of reach of London's crowds and noise. Golf, tennis, swimming and all the joys of the country at your command . . . nights of perfect repose, days without a domestic care, ten acres of garden . . . an hotel where it is a pleasure to be "at home."

THE RED HOUSE, LEATHERHEAD

36 mins. from Waterloo. Bridge. Billiards. Write to Mrs. Prior, Resident Proprietress, or Telephone 164

LLANDUDNO ST. GEORGE'S HOTEL
(Fully Licensed)

Most centrally situated Hotel in Llandudno. Covered Terrace facing Sea. Orchestra plays daily during Season. Garage for 60 Cars on premises. Excellent cuisine. Moderate Tariff. Hot and cold water in all rooms. Tariff and full particulars can be had on application to S. Greame Horspool, Manager. 'Phone: 6257.

Southport in September . . .

Because there is so much to do, so much to enjoy. A choice of seven first-class golf-courses. Bathing. Boating. Fishing. Motor racing. Tennis . . . and everything at its best in late summer. There is still time for a few weeks at the

PRINCE OF WALES HOTEL SOUTHPORT'S LEADING HOTEL

the congregating point of Who's Who in the North. Good food, comfort and courtesy. Dancing every Saturday night.

Write to H. Gascoigne, Managing Director, for further details. Telephones: 4131.

In Quest of

In Cornwall Again: "Land Cream and Coves, Golden

BACK to Cornwall again. Back to a land of hydrangeas and fuchsias, cream and coves. Back to a coastline of golden sands and sinister cliffs on which the surf ceaselessly bounds and rebounds.

It was good to be back at the Headland Hotel outside Newquay. It was good to find the same people to welcome me—Parker and his team of pages presiding over the front door. Dassow, the headwaiter, attentive as ever. And it seemed like coming home to be welcomed by the Polglazes, Mr. and Mrs. and the fast growing Michael. Then the Headland outside Newquay would never be quite the same Headland to me if I did not find the indefatigable Annette, who for the information of the uninitiated is Miss Grant—hostess, philosopher, and friend.

I have emphasised the word *outside* Newquay because Newquay itself was a mass of healthy humanity. But at the Headland one is right away from the madding crowd. A practically private bathing beach, not a sign of the throng, and with a seaview from every bedroom, one's nearest neighbour is America.

What a grand place to come to any time between now and Christmas for a quiet restful healthy holiday. *Cold?* Not a bit of it. Leave your big coats and hot water bottles behind. You won't need them. *Windy?* Quite often, but it's a grand wind. It blows the cobwebs away and when you want to sunbathe for a change there are plenty of sheltered nooks. *Un-get-at-able?* Nonsense! Newquay is one of the easiest places in the world to reach. The night train from Paddington and you're at the Headland for a late breakfast, but if you go by road and ask my advice as to where to halt awhile on the way, it may take you a long time as passing by each of those places where I know you will be made welcome is a "hurdle" which will be very difficult to surmount.

I was lucky to get a room here at the Headland as at the moment it is practically full. But they said they had a "small attic." Would that I could have in some hotels as good a first floor room as my third floor attic here.

Would that I could have remained fourteen days instead of but fourteen hours. As it was, I was late in leaving, and so to save time had to take the direct main road to Wadebridge instead of revisiting, as I had hoped, that hotel of which all Cornwall speaks so well Treglos, overlooking Constantine Bay.

But having crossed the Camel Estuary at Wadebridge, I called in to see again the Rock Hotel at Rock, an excellent headquarters apparently for the Services on leave, as the visitors' book seemed full of admirals, generals,

ALEXANDRA HOTEL HYDE PARK CORNER LONDON, S.W.1

A good address

In the sense that it is in the heart of fashionable London directly overlooking Hyde Park, and is so convenient for reaching your social or business rendezvous. Here both residence and entertainment are a pleasure and an economy.

140 delightful rooms (and suites), each with running water, central heating, and telephone. The terms—an agreeable surprise. Brochure on request.

Telephone: Sloane 4521 (10 lines).

Overlooking Rotten Row

Situated centrally in the West End, overlooking gardens, and within a few minutes of Victoria Station, Hyde Park and Piccadilly.

Cadogan Hotel *Sloane Street* LONDON

Telephone SLOANE 7141

Bedrooms with private bathrooms and toilets. Private suites. Telephone in all rooms. Renowned for Cuisine and Service - - - - Wedding Receptions.

THE HOTEL WITH THE PANORAMIC POSITION . . . OVERLOOKING TORBAY

30 SUNNY BEDROOMS FACING SOUTH AND SEA

Three acres of beautiful grounds. One minute Spa Baths and Pier. All Beds fitted Box-Springs. H. & C., Central Heating Radiators, Electric Fires all Bedrooms. Private terraces to First Floor Rooms. Covered Veranda and Vita-Glass Sun Lounge. Tennis (hard court). Special diets if required. Send for Illustrated Brochure which gives full particulars of moderate, inclusive terms.

PARK HALL HOTEL
TORQUAY *'Phone 3434.*

Mrs. P. BAGLEY, Resident Managing Director.

Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

of Hydrangeas and Fuchsias, Sands and Sinister Cliffs"

and lesser ranks with their families. The reason?—St. Enodoc links are but three minutes away. There is a covey of bathing beaches within a few miles, whilst the hotel itself is extremely comfortable without being dressy. How the Services hate feeling "on parade" when on leave.

I looked in at Polzeath, Port Isaac, Port Gavern, and Trebarwith. At each I shall have memories of greeny-blue sea, white-ribboned surf, and brown bodies. What a magnificent coastline for anyone who wants to be off the beaten track.

But the really restful re-discovery of my day of adventuring down coast roads which turned first into lanes, then tracks and often finished nowhere, was Welltown Manor Hotel, outside Boscastle. Genuine old beams and doorways (so mind your head). Quaint mullioned windows, open fire-places—all typically Elizabethan, yet blended with it are comforts of 1937. Hot and cold water in all bedrooms, plenty of hot water, electric light, central heating, and so on.

Here is the perfect setting for an autumn or even a winter holiday. Here is *the* place for honeymoon couples but this apparently is no news as there were three lots staying the day I was there. How do I know? Well, confetti and rice are dreadful tell-tales—long after the day!

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

Mrs. C. (Brentwood).—I can strongly recommend for your purpose the Old England Hotel at Sutton-on-Trent, one mile off the Great North road, turning right about seven miles from Newark. Very simple, very quiet, but excellently run by Mr. W. J. Pike. If you appreciate simplicity and cleanliness you will be delighted with this find.

Miss F. (Broadstone).—Probably the best place for you would be Marlborough, where there is an excellent hotel, not expensive, the Ailesbury Arms. This, a few years ago, was taken over by a syndicate of old Marlburians, and is most comfortable indeed to-day. Further, Marlborough is a good centre for places around. Mr. and Mrs. Mudie are in charge of the Ailesbury Arms. As alternatives I would suggest the Old Ship Hotel at Mere, or Coombe House Hotel at Shaftesbury, a large country house hotel in its own grounds.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor of THE SPHERE, *32, St. Bride Street, E.C.4.*

VICTORIA HOTEL, SIDMOUTH

Fully Licensed

First-class, overlooking Sea, Marine Shelter with private approach to shore for bathing. Running Water in all Bedrooms.

Self-contained Suites. Rooms with private baths attached. Billiards Lift Lock-up Garages R.A.C. A.A.

Telephone 11

And here is peace . . .

in a sheltered park of 60 acres, a sun-trap 400 feet up, an hospitable Hotel for autumn and winter residence. London within easy reach. Sporting golf course in the grounds.

THE SPA HOTEL
ROYAL TUNBRIDGE WELLS

First-class in comfort, cooking, and service. 85 rooms and suites.

Write to S. P. HANCOCK, Director, for tariff-booklet, entitled "*And Here is Peace.*" Telephone: Tunbridge Wells 1911.

In the Cool of the Evening—A 37 minutes' non-stop train from Paddington. A two minutes' easy stroll and then

GROVE HALL, TWYFORD, Berks.

A.A. and R.A.C. appointed, with 12½ acres of shady grounds. A bath? *There's a private bath to every bedroom.* A good dinner? Most certainly. Good wines, too, if you like, for we are licensed. Afterwards, perhaps the river, 1¾ miles away, or bridge? A book? And eventually bed. Sweet, cool repose. A new wing has just been added. Inclusive terms from **4** gns. to **6** gns. a week—no more, no less—Write or telephone: Twyford 106.

"A Spa that is Different"

RHEUMA SPA OF WALES

KINMEL HALL, ABERGELE, N. WALES

For rheumatic and similar disabilities this Spa offers recuperative advantages different from any other Spa. Most modern treatments under supervision of qualified Resident Physician. Beautiful country mansion in own 1,000 acres. First-class cuisine, special diets.

ALL INDOOR AND OUTDOOR RECREATION FACILITIES—FISHING, RIDING, ROUGH SHOOTING, ALL GAMES, Etc. ATTRACTIVE COUNTRY CLUB (licensed).

Write for handsome book, post free, to The Secretary, Kinmel Hall, Abergele. Telephone: Abergele 156/7

COME AND SEE . . . something distinctly different. A house that is very "liveable-in." No staff, rates, or taxes to bother with; a house where you can have a room which is more of a sitting room than a bedroom . . . or a luxury suite. A telephone in every room. No extra charge for tea in bed . . . meal in your room . . . fires . . . garage.

THE RED HOUSE EGERTON ROAD **WEYBRIDGE**

SINGLE FROM 4 GNS. DOUBLE FROM 8 GNS.

Half-a-mile from Weybridge Station. St. George's Hill Golf and Tennis Clubs. *Telephone 1550*

OATLANDS PARK HOTEL WEYBRIDGE

Beautiful Park of 60 acres. Private Golf Course. Tennis, Badminton, and Squash Courts. Swimming Pool. Dancing every Saturday. All inclusive, from 5 guineas weekly.

Illustrated Brochure with pleasure. Telephone: Weybridge 1190 (six lines).

WHEN DAYS DRAW IN

there is always a cheerful, restful, and cosy atmosphere at Southdown Hall, where you can live luxuriously from as low as 4 gns. a week. 400 ft. up, facing full South. Fully licensed. Bridge, Billiards, Ballroom. Wimbledon 0811-2.

SOUTHDOWN HALL

THE DOWNS **HOTEL** WIMBLEDON

ST. BRELADE'S BAY HOTEL JERSEY

An Autumn holiday? Our flowers, our sunshine, our bathing, and the comfort and amenities of our hotel should make St. Brelade's your choice. And for winter . . . the same equable climate, our sheltered situation, our wonderful outlook, our cooking . . . and our moderate terms make St. Brelade's the obvious haven from an English winter. Chapter and verse with pleasure from the Proprietor, A. Colley.

Telegrams: "Sheltered, Jersey."

— An hour and a half by plane from Heston —

In the quiet of the Cathedral Close . . .

Visitors to the West Country in autumn should not fail to stay at the Royal Clarence—an 18th-century coaching house complete with every modern comfort. Grill room. Lift. Fully licensed. Write for brochure.

Royal Clarence Hotel
EXETER

Telephone 4071-2

THE GARDEN HOTEL **Lincombe Hall** OF TORQUAY

TORQUAY IN SEPTEMBER!

There are many Hotels in Torquay offering cheap accommodation, but if you are prepared to pay 4½ guineas and upwards (everything included), you will enjoy all the amenities of a First-Class Hotel at

LINCOMBE HALL

generally known as "The Garden Hotel of Torquay." There are 50 well appointed bedrooms—many with private bathrooms. Only five minutes walk to shopping centre. Free service hotel bus to Golf, Theatres, etc. Hard Tennis Court and many other privileges are described in the hotel brochure. Write Manager for a copy, or 'phone 2302.

Special Autumn and Winter terms for long-stay visitors.

SCOTLAND

EDINBURGH

THE ALISON HOTEL

Telephones: 31295-6 **Melville Crescent** *Telegrams:* "Melcrest, Edinburgh"

Centrally situated in a quiet position in the West End of the City
Modernly equipped throughout :: Electric Elevator

WHAT! Never heard of Gullane? (pronounced Gillan in Scotland please) Well, Gullane means Golf. Three first-class courses, short, medium and long Muirfield immediately opposite and five others within five miles. Sea bathing on a sandy beach tennis motoring and walking. A modern luxury hotel with 50 bedrooms Food and wine—first class Your Headquarters?

THE MARINE HOTEL, GULLANE

EAST LOTHIAN - SCOTLAND

The terms moderate. Write to-day to H. Crichton for Booklet or 'phone Gullane 106

GLIDING MAKES STRIDES IN BRITAIN

(*Continued from page 411*)

exercises which indicate his understanding of the controls, the power of the launch is increased and the launching point is moved farther up the training slope. In due course it becomes possible to practise gentle turns and to prolong the flights from seconds into minutes. At this stage the pupil is transferred to a more efficient type of machine capable of making prolonged flights, but still easy to fly and simple to repair. With this machine the pupil is launched into wind from the top of a 200 ft. hill, and passes to what is known as the "soaring" stage.

The preliminary training period is devoted entirely to accustoming the pupil to the use of controls, but in order to make "soaring" flights it is necessary to utilise air currents. These invisible but nevertheless very important aids to flight are not so difficult to find as may appear at first sight. Visualise, for example, a range of hills running across a plain with the wind blowing towards them. It is at once obvious that when the wind reaches the hills it is deflected upwards, and it is therefore certain that in such conditions a machine launched into wind from the top of the hill, takes off into an area of rising air, or as it is known to glider pilots "lift."

With a steady breeze it is probable that the air ascends at a rate of about 15 ft. per second, and as the sinking speed of the aircraft is generally only about 3 ft. per second, it is possible for the pilot by keeping his machine within this area of "lift" to climb at about 12 ft. per second. In practice, the pilot takes off into wind and then manœuvres his machine to and fro along the face of the hill, rather in the manner of a yacht tacking. After flying in this manner for some time he should have reached an altitude of several hundred feet, varying slightly according to the height of the hill, and while the "lift" from the hill becomes less effective, he is able to maintain altitude. Pupils under instruction rely almost entirely upon air currents of this nature until they have acquired several hours flying experience, but this is by no means the pilot's only aim. With experience he will find it possible to work his way up to an altitude at which the influence of clouds becomes effective. Different clouds have different characteristics but the billowy white cumulus clouds are the ideal aid.

Cumulus clouds are in fact nothing more than the condensation of the moisture in the air which forms at the top of an up-current, and therefore there is generally a substantial suction effect for 200 ft. or 300 ft. below such clouds. If the glider pilot can utilise the initial height obtained from hill "lift" to reach such currents he will be able by circling around under the cloud, to work his way up to the cloud-base. Thereafter, he has three alternatives. He may either continue circling within the cloud itself, where still stronger air currents exist, and if fortunate work his way up until he emerges at the top, and thence utilise his height to glide away to another cloud. Alternatively, if he remains beneath the cloud, he may by losing height fly across to another cloud and repeat the procedure, or he may content himself with circling around under the original cloud and drifting with it across country until such time that he sees more favourable conditions elsewhere.

These brief examples give some idea of the methods used by a cross-country glider pilot, but there are many more. Heat currents or "thermals" as they are called are regularly harnessed, and thunderstorms are also used. Many other conditions are also of assistance, but comparatively few have been sufficiently explored at present to lay down hard and fast rules.

In its present stage of development gliding calls for great enthusiasm from its participants. In England, gliding clubs are still few and far between, although there is a rapid growth, but there is little doubt that the day is not far distant when this fascinating pastime will be as popular as sailing. If the idea of sailing in silence about the sky over the open countryside appeals, drop a line to The Secretary, The British Gliding Association, 119, Piccadilly, London, W.1., for the address of your nearest club.

CONTINUATIONS

CAR MANUFACTURERS' PROGRAMMES FOR 1938

(*Continued from page 428*)

unchanged since its introduction in June, 1936. The makers inform me that M.G. owners and intending buyers need have no fears of the present models becoming obsolete for a long time.

No announcement regarding any alteration has reached me from the great firm of Rolls-Royce. This company has always been a strict adherent of the policy of not having yearly models. When it is found possible to improve any feature in the design such improvement is incorporated at the earliest possible moment without waiting for the beginning of a new season. It is always a mystery to me, as well as to most motorists, how the designers at the Derby works ever manage to improve any feature in a Rolls-Royce chassis, yet the seemingly impossible does take place and often these improvements are adopted without any public notification. At the present moment the speedometer of my own 25–30-h.p. model tells me that I have covered just on 12,000 miles and this mileage has been accomplished since January. When last I owned a Rolls I thought it was as near perfection as was humanly possible to achieve but my present car is definitely a greatly improved vehicle. Compared with the Phantom III, it is, of course, a small Rolls and the popular idea is that these cars whilst being smooth and silent beyond compare are not terribly speedy. That, however, is a very erroneous impression. I find that there are few other cars on the road that can get off the mark quicker than my 25–30-h.p. model. The makers told me that it had a maximum speed of 78 m.p.h., but I find that I can frequently get up to 84 m.p.h. and yet even at this speed the car is as pleasant to drive as it is at 40 or 50 m.p.h. To me the most fascinating feature of a Rolls-Royce is that one can cane it even over extensive periods and the car is quite unaffected. Practically every other car I have driven seems to lose tune after one has completed a fairly fast journey. With most other cars too, a change for the worse appears to occur after a friend has driven it even for 20 or 30 miles. I do not know whether anybody has lived long enough to discover what is the maximum age to which a Rolls can attain, but I should imagine that whatever it is the car will remain unchanged throughout its entire career.

I have just returned from a short visit to Paris and as quite a number of years have passed since I was last there I was naturally very interested in the traffic. It seemed to me that the Paris taxidriver still drives in the same daring way as he always has done. There is no doubt about it that he gets you from one point to another in the quickest possible time and, although at first, the experience is somewhat alarming, after a few days his driving becomes quite enjoyable. I found myself far less nervous than is the case when I drive in a taxi in London. My own opinion is that the Paris taxicab driver is a better driver than his London counterpart. He undoubtedly drives faster but he inspires you with confidence.

The London driver goes slower and definitely does not give me the impression that in a tight corner he will be very skilful. As for the actual taxicabs themselves they appear to me to be just the ordinary standard model and, of course, they are almost exclusively of Renault, Peugeot or Citroën manufacture. Fares are much cheaper than in London starting as they do at 5d. and going up only 1d. at a time. The driver too seems quite content with a tip of about 4d. During the whole six days I was in the French capital I saw only one accident and that was when a very decrepit private car ran into the back of a stationary taxi. At the Exhibition which I thought was too astounding for words I did not see much of the motor world. In the German pavilion, however, I was able to examine one of the famous Mercedes-Benz racing cars which has a speed of over 200 m.p.h. to its credit. It was exhibited in the place of honour and it drew crowds of interested spectators. In the British Pavilion, the exterior of which is a definite disgrace, I did not find an E.R.A. on show.

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IN THE MONTMARTRE "MAQUIS"

(Continued from page 406)

The latest and not least remunerative racket in the Montmartre jungle centres on the blackmailing of gambling dens. This extends to tolerated but not legal "fruit machines," and at the moment no fewer than twenty-seven gentlemen of the *milieu* are under arrest consequent on one possessor of such machines refusing to toe the line and going to police headquarters instead.

Alas, Monsieur X will live—or die—to regret it!

The Stéfani murder which has brought all this charming world on to the front page (and at the same time seriously worried Parisians, in regard to their police) need not detain us long.

In lean times, 1933, Jean-Paul and his brother Etienne regretted having made over a dope "business" to a rival gang. They decided to denounce the latter to the police. But the design leaked out and the Stéfanis it was, who were denounced instead and in advance of their scheme. Angelo Foata, Corsican, did the denouncing and on Christmas night following, Jean-Paul saw him in the famous Rat Mort and fired from the entrance. Panic that gala occasion, and Foata's little son killed by a shot intended for the father who was to survive a dreadful wound.

Lightning retaliation came with the shooting to death of Etienne Stéfani but two hours later.

Trial of Jean-Paul for murder. He who had twice previously been acquitted of murder in his native Corsica was to be acquitted again. Why? The usual and chronic French muddling of the issue and so on. Essentially, the main witness, Foata, "failed to recognise" Stéfani as the aggressor. The nonsense of which was to be proved the very day after Stéfani's acquittal. His wife had died while Jean-Paul was awaiting trial and the first thing the sorrowing widower did on regaining his freedom was to repair to the Thiais cemetery on the Fontainebleau road. Nearing the graveside, a bullet passed through his hat. A second killed his bodyguard, Paoleschi. Foata was found behind a tombstone, with a carbine, and he had to be felled by a gravedigger wielding a wooden cross.

Trial of Foata for murder and attempted ditto. Stéfani did his best to save the accused by "not recognising" him as the man of the carbine. But even the Paris tribunal couldn't stomach that, and Foata got seven years. (There would be vengeance for that!)

Accordingly, when Stéfani was shot down the other day in the "rue du Gang" press, public, and police jumped to the conclusion; "More of the vendetta!" Yet, as events turned out it wasn't that at all, but an innocuous *affaire de femme*.

Stéfani latterly fell for a twenty-one year-old young woman from a famous rue Royale place. The young woman, though the property of one Margouin, alias "Dédé le Flambard," at once responded. The prestige enjoyed by such an immune success as Jean-Paul's alone would be magnetic. Here he was, offering her silver fox, a flash apartment and car into the bargain! Jean-Paul and Simone Langelé went to live together and it did look as if the man was in love. He took the young woman from her environment and taught her to keep his accounts — from dope, white slaving, etc. This Simone later admitted doing, but she was not held even as an accessory to wrong doing, French law stipulating that a person must be caught red-handed at the job, in this case auditing accounts.

Some time back Jean-Paul received certain of the Press out at his respectable apartment block. "Cultured far above the average of his kind, gentle, even refined, intelligent, and only wanting to withdraw from it all and settle down and lead a quiet life somewhere outside Paris. He is haunted by the little boy Frankie that he killed. He feels like a tracked beast." Stéfani, with the coming of love, was apparently preparing to leave pals and haunts once he had enough put by, a circumstance which would inevitably mean that they would be gunning for him sooner or later. Big chiefs can't do that kind of thing. Get away with the swag and leave the men who made him not only leaderless but ignorant of the vital and delicate strings manipulating the organisation.

However, in wishing to get away from it all Jean-Paul did one silly but typical thing. Young André Margouin had been Simone's man since she was sixteen. He wasn't prepared to see her go like this—unpaid for. A fine has to be paid—it is the rigorous code—when one of the *milieu* steals the woman of another of the *milieu*. The fine touches at its highest 15,000 francs. This Margouin demanded, only to encounter Stéfani's most withering disdain. This young apprentice daring to make demands of a big chief, daring even to accost him.

"Listen, young man," said Jean-Paul, "if you stop me again or if you make the slightest effort to see Simone you will be descended. I have warned you."

The absolute limit! Dédé le Flambard thought and saw red, fingered his pistol.

A night or two later he waited for Jean-Paul. Words, a scuffle, shots, groans, three revolvers in the roadway. No one knows quite what happened although Margouin confessed his share after fifteen hours of grilling, during which spell "the General of the Corsicans" had died at dawn.

SLAVE-RAIDING AND SLAVE-HOLDING

(Continued from page 424)

and many of the slaves are content enough, which only makes the freeing of the human soul the harder. But slave mothers must submit to see their children often sold away or their sons doctored before their eyes to meet the demand for eunuchs.

In some of the Arabian States, however, many slaves, as in old days of India, gain high position and wealth, and often the term slave means little more than a reference to origin.

In India the slave-raiding and holding among the Mongoloids on the Assam borders and in the Chin and Kachin tracts have been to a great extent terminated during the days of Sir Harcourt Butler's Governorship of Burma. In more inaccessible and unadministered tracts it still remains. Up till 1924 slave-holding in Hindu Nepal was extensive, there being 52,000 slaves and 15,000 slave owners, and this in a population of under 6,000,000. In 1924 the Prime Minister, the young Maharajah Sir Chundra Shumshire Jung, who acts as hereditary dictator behind a secluded and sacred crown, decreed emancipation within two years, with compensation, urging that slave-holding and slave-breeding were both uneconomic, and was able to get his decree enforced.

On the outer confines of French and British West African Colonies, the Governments deal with and report occasional slave raids, and there is no doubt that there are yet slave-holders and raiders beyond the reach of motor and aeroplanic jurisdiction. Such areas together with the less cruel Arabia are still the slave spots of the world, to satisfy which the raider is not dead and the smuggling trader still alive.

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PRINTED IN ENGLAND by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE LIMITED, *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C.4, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.—*September* 11, 1937. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.